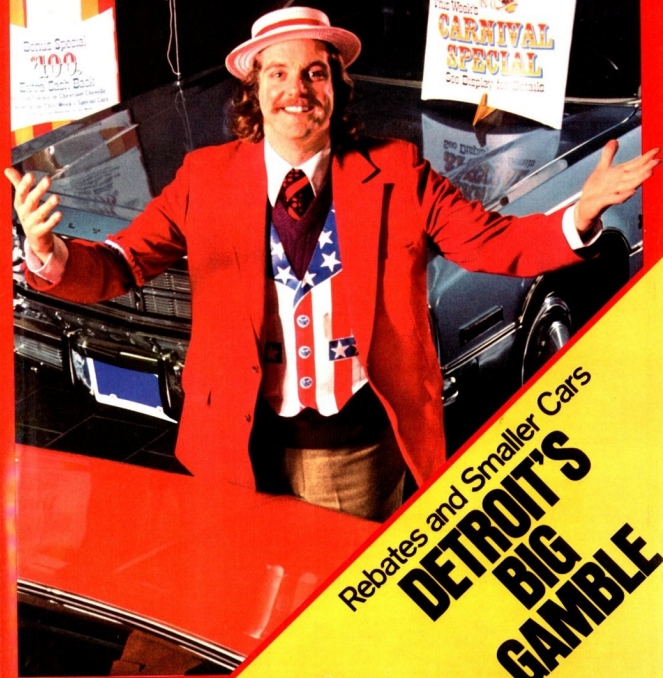


75 CENTS

FEBRUARY 10, 1975

TIME



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TIME NEWS TOUR GROUP SURVEYING SCALE MODEL OF ASWAN DAM IN EGYPT

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

"I may be saying things that I would not tell many other people," Saudi Arabia's King Faisal cautioned while discussing the Arab-Israeli conflict with some Americans last week. His audience was flattered, but not for the first time. After leaving Washington on Jan. 17, the 53 U.S. businessmen, journalists and TIME editors and others on TIME's Middle East news tour found themselves the subjects of earnest attention by the area's Kings, Emirs, Prime Ministers, and Presidents.

The two-week, eleven-nation tour took the Americans 16,300 miles, through a crucial arena of world events. Like the six previous TIME news tours, it was designed to enable a group of influential and concerned citizens, traveling at their own expense, to seek information from the best sources available to TIME. Arrangements for the tour were made by Chief of Correspondents Murray Gart and Assistant Publisher Lane Fortinberry, with the help of TIME bureau chiefs in the Middle East. For the travelers, the tour provided a unique opportunity to learn firsthand about a geopolitically vital region, and to pose hard questions to heads of state on oil and investment policy, petrodollar recycling and the prospects for war or peace. The access granted to the group by Middle East rulers was well merited; collectively, the businessmen on the TIME tour represented companies that employ more than 1½ million people and had 1974 sales of nearly \$100 billion. TIME's contingent included Board Chairman Andrew Heiskell, Editor in Chief Hedley Donovan, President James R. Shepley and myself, Managing Editor Henry Grunwald and World Section Senior Editor John Elson represented TIME's editorial staff, along with Gart and incoming Deputy Chief of Correspondents Richard Duncan.

Accompanying them were William Anderson, chairman and president, NCR Corp.; James Beré, president, Borg-Warner Corp.; Edgar Bronfman, president, the Seagram Co. Ltd.; Ed-

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For the tour group, the two weeks included a busy round of interviews, dinners, receptions and seminars that left little free time for ordinary sightseeing. Schedules for most days began before 8 a.m. and often continued past midnight. Besides King Faisal, the leaders who met with the group included Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, Presidents Anwar Sadat of Egypt, Hafez Assad of Syria, and Houari Boumedienne of Algeria, King Hussein of Jordan, the Emir of Kuwait, and the Crown Prince of Abu Dhabi.

The first interview took place in Aswan, where an amiable, pipe-smoking Anwar Sadat met with the group in the New Cataract Hotel. He expressed hope for further progress on the Sinai front and welcomed more American investment in Egypt's developing economy. The next day, in Beirut, the tour spent one of its most stimulating afternoons in a lively exchange with members of the Palestine Liberation Organization. The discussion left the businessmen deeply impressed with the cogency of the refugee activists' arguments.

In the major "confrontation" countries, the issues of war and peace were the main topics. In Syria, the group members were driven directly from the airport across a rocky plain to the Golan Heights, where they inspected the scene of a pitched tank battle of the 1973 war. Two days later, when they crossed the Jordan River into Israel, their hosts ushered them into two huge air-force helicopters for an inspection tour of the Israeli side of the battle line and a detailed briefing by Raphael Eitan, the major general who heads the Israeli "Northern Command." Standing on a destroyed Soviet T-62 tank, Eitan said pessimistically: "No power in the world can guarantee us that the Syrians are not going to attack except our own strength in these hills."

In Damascus, President Assad had broken off his dialogue with the Americans to send for a war map to make his point. Two nights later in Jerusalem, Israeli Prime Minister Rabin illustrated his opposing position with a map of the same territory. The balanced view of the Golan's strategic terrain provided an invaluable understanding for the group, but the emphasis put on the Heights by both sides underscored the ominous possibility that renewed fighting there might shatter the Middle East's fragile peace.

SAUDI ARABIAN DINNER—LAMB & SPICED RICE—OUTSIDE RIYADH



Landing in the evening in Kuwait, the businessmen passed over brilliant flares of burning gas from acres of oilfields. In Dubai they toured the Persian Gulf harbor in the Sheikh's show. The hour-long audience with Faisal (see THE WORLD) took place beneath crystal chandeliers in the royal palace in Riyadh while bodyguards poured tiny cups of bitter coffee.

Throughout the Croesus-rich nations of the Persian Gulf, the businessmen encountered a welcome hunger for U.S. management know-how. When Saudi Her Apparent Prince Fahd Ibn Abdul Aziz warned that American firms risked losing Saudi business because of slow deliveries, the group formed an impromptu committee to advise the Saudis on ways to streamline their purchasing procedures in the U.S. Arab hospitality was generous. As guests of Prince Salman, governor of Riyadh, the businessmen sipped coffee around a bonfire, then retired to a large black tent as a chilly drizzle began. Inside, they sat cross-legged on carpets and feasted on whole roast lamb, spiced rice and Arab delicacies. En route back to the U.S., the group conferred with President Boumedienne in Algiers' Palais du Peuple on development policies for the Third World, then flew over the Atlas

DAVID RUBINER



TIME NEWS TOUR BRIEFING BY ISRAELI PRIME MINISTER RABIN IN JERUSALEM

Mountains to Rabat, where they talked with Moroccan government officials about their country's economy.

In a busy two weeks, the group had little time to take in the beauty of the region. But even seen in passing, some sights linger: the minarets and mosques of Cairo, Jerusalem's Wailing Wall and the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, the Sea of Galilee gleaming beneath the war-ravaged Golan. It was a crucial time to visit the Middle East, and the Americans came away guardedly optimistic that peace and prosperity, which seem so near in the region, may soon be achieved.

Ralph P. Davidson

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CINEMA

Genius Outdone, Done In

GALILEO

Directed by JOSEPH LOSEY
Screenplay by BARBARA BRAY
and JOSEPH LOSEY

Galileo Galilei, you will recall, got himself into a great deal of trouble back in the early 17th century by daring to confirm the Copernican theory of the universe. The Italian astronomer-physicist also formulated certain principles of dynamics and refined a new invention called the telescope—accomplishments that were considered acceptable, even exciting. But insisting that the earth revolved around the sun was pushing things too far, and the church got in a terrible tear. The idea that the earth was not the center of the universe held disturbing theological and philosophical implications, unacceptable to Rome. Galileo was urged, finally forced, to recant. He spent his last years in a villa outside Florence in an enforced isolation that was more like imprisonment.

Rueful Humor. There is something piquant and warmly cynical in the spectacle of civilized man rejecting truth, and one of the best things about this production of Bertolt Brecht's *Galileo* is that it is full of rueful, at times raucous, humor. Joseph Losey (*Accident*, *The Go-Between*) staged the American premiere of the play 27 years ago, and for this film adaptation he has pruned some of Brecht's more arid ideological asides without substantially damaging the original text. Somewhat less comfortably, Losey flirts with Brecht's best-known theatrical devices: he uses a chorus (as well as the excellent original score of Hanns Eisler) and stages the

scene of Galileo's anticipated recantation in stark relief—huge shadows against a white screen dwarfing the foreground figures. He also begins the whole production with an overhead shot of the film sound stage. Since Brecht's ideas were intended to breach and defy the proscenium rather than challenge the camera, this last device looks a little out of place.

Galileo is about both the unreasonable fate of reason and the attempts to thwart and subvert truth. Knowledge and truth, for Brecht, would ultimately be nurtured and fueled by the proletariat, the working man being the true repository of hope. This seems a pretty romantic proposition, especially for a man who had dedicated himself to abolishing every article of romantic faith. But Brecht knew well, and portrayed with ruthless accuracy, the inbred conservatism of power, the stale air of the cloister that can smother the free, creative spirit. What makes *Galileo* important, finally, is its ironic accounting of the price of compromise and even of freedom.

Strangely, Losey did not apply Copernican tenets to his casting. Galileo, who ought to be the radiant center of this dramatic universe, is so insubstantially summoned up by Topol that he is outshine and outdone by the secondary heavenly bodies. He seems to revolve around them. Topol, who last loped in *Fiddler on the Roof*, has a sort of toothy ingenueness that gives Galileo an unfortunate puppy-dog quality. Topol misses the role's strength, both in character and intellect. Most of the actors around him, however, are superb: John Gielgud, Margaret Leighton, Edward Fox, Patrick Magee, John McNery.

There is also, all too briefly, an appearance by Colin Blakely, an actor of consummate accomplishment. Blakely—who plays a Venetian official—has a self-effacing power that makes him one of the best actors now at work on the English stage. One would have thought those qualities qualification enough for the perfect Galileo.

■ Jay Cooks

The Road to Nowhere

RAFFERTY AND THE GOLD DUST TWINS

Directed by DICK RICHARDS
Screenplay by JOHN KAYE

Rafferty (Alan Arkin) is a depressed drunk who has spent 20 boring years in the Marine Corps, and now quietly despises his job administering driving tests for the California department of motor vehicles. The "twins" are Mac (Sally Kellerman), who is drifting around the country vaguely looking for a job singing country music, and Frisbee (MacKenzie Phillips), a teen-age orphan who is just plain drifting. Frisbee may not



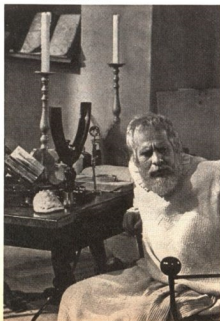
ARKIN & PALS IN TWINS
Loaded with blanks.

be as tough as she thinks she is, but she is definitely not as appealing as the people who made this movie seem to think she must be.

The girls meet Rafferty in a park where he has gone to spend his lunch hour sucking on his pint of rye. They inexplicably abduct him (using a gun loaded with blanks), let him escape and then permit him to rejoin them when he decides that careening around the country may be more interesting than what he has been doing.

Raw Edginess. Probably it is—but barely, since the relationship that develops among the trio is predictable to anyone having the faintest familiarity with road pictures. Rafferty and Mac become transient lovers, the better to serve as surrogate parents for Frisbee, thus buffing some of the raw edginess off her personality. After a while Mac wanders off with a bandleader, the cops return the kid to an orphanage, and Rafferty rescues her so that they can once more set forth on the road to nowhere.

In some contexts one might be led to imagine that Rafferty has obscene designs on the child-woman, but not here. It is an essential premise of movies like this that losers are sweet, which is one of our more boring cinematic conceits. So is the inevitable contrast drawn between the principals and the harsh, empty, neon-lit landscapes through which they move. Following form, all their encounters are of course with minor characters, who are either morose or teetering on the edge of psychopathic violence—sometimes both. This movie seems to exist mainly to prove that Director Richards, who did a determinedly picturesque western (*The Culpable Cow*), can do gas stations, sleazy motels and roadhouses as well. He even



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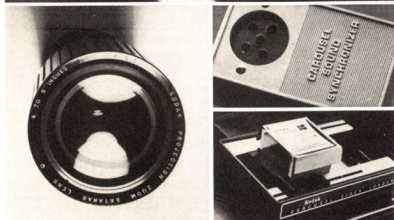
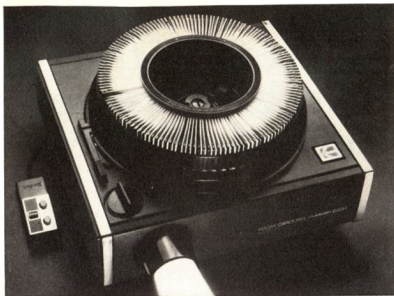
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CINEMA

manages to include, as a sort of director's showcase, the standard Las Vegas sequence, in which that afflicted city is once again visualized as the American dream perceived through a fever.

The film is technically competent enough and in its small way inoffensive. But it is all familiar surfaces. Needed are people, characters of a little depth or originality, or, at the least, some fresh angle of directorial vision to pique our curiosity, arrest our attention. Neither, alas, is available in *Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins*.

■ Richard Schickel

Consciousness As Soap

MEMORY OF US

Directed by H. KAYE DYAL

Screenplay by ELLEN GEER

Betty and Brad have a comfortable suburban home, two kids, a housekeeper, bullfight posters on the wall and multivolumes of Will and Ariel Durant on the bookshelves. They are not happy, a condition that has only fleetingly to do with children or interior decoration. Brad plays around; Betty plays alone.

"Here's a secret," she confides at the beginning of *Memory of Us*, assuming—probably incorrectly—that anyone wants to hear. It seems that she is happiest in a tacky little room she rents in the Starlite Motel, where she can practice photography, be by herself a few hours a day to "work things out," or just "drift." All of us, sad to say, drift with her, back to the early days of her marriage, when she would thread a string from the bedroom to the front door of their little apartment and affix a note for Brad: "Roses are red, violets are blue/ Follow this string to an extra-special screw." Other recollections include birth ("Funny," Betty ruminates, "how you forget the actual pain and power of birth—maybe so you'll try again"), the confession of Brad's first infidelity ("I forgive you," Betty responds promptly), and daily rounds like picking the kids up at school ("You know," Betty confesses to the family mutt, "we've got a lot in common—we're both retrievers").

One day Brad (Jon Cypher) tracks Betty to her motel room and concludes that she is either having an affair or a breakdown. Unequipped to deal with either possibility, he has one stopgap measure: he wants to join up with a clan of swingers and swappers. Betty, usually a glutton for punishment, draws the line. The last scene shows her taking one of the two family cars and heading for an uncertain dawn. That she picks the station wagon with the fake wood paneling on the side to drive off in does not bode well for the future.

Memory of Us is unsparingly earnest, a quality that may excuse its foolishness without diminishing it. The movie also presents a fairly melancholy prospect with its heartfelt but trite treatise written by a woman, Ellen Geer, who also plays the lead. It is long past time now

for movies made by and about women, but no one could have expected or wanted *Memory of Us*, which has less in common with heightened consciousness than with daytime soap opera. The movie is so thin and weepy that it inadvertently contradicts its intention and turns into what it was trying to avoid, a stereotypical example of what has been known so condescendingly, for so long, as a "woman's picture." ■ J.C.

Hockey Punk

PAPERBACK HERO

Directed by PETER PEARSON

Screenplay by LES ROSE

and BARRY PEARSON

This is a movie apparently constructed around a single picture, an image stuck in the back of someone's brain that should have stayed there. In any case, the crucial scene in *Paperback Hero* is the closing one. A small-town Canadian yahoo stands in the middle of the main street, decked out in gunbelt and stetson, calling for a shootout with the local members of the Mounted Police. If such an image seems both unpromising and unlikely, what appears before and builds up to it is no better and not even as interesting.

Rick Dillon (Keir Dullea), small-time hockey hero and man-about-the-small-town of Delisle, Sask. (pop. 700), knocks around a good deal, getting up to no good. He rouses the passions of a loyal barmaid named Loretta (Elizabeth Ashley), even while leching after the daughter of the hockey-team owner (Dayle Haddon) and making up to a raucous number who works in the bowling alley over in the next town. Implausibly, Dillon has enough energy left over from these various pursuits to carouse with his lumpy buddy Pov (John Beck) and play a fierce, albeit mediocre, game of hockey. As if to establish an affinity with his namesake, the town marshal of Dodge City, Dillon likes to don Western duds and pop off a few rounds at target practice. In Delisle he is a novelty. But as this movie amply proves, there is not much happening up there.

His woman-baiting and good-timing are meant to seem hollow, pitiful. They are less than that. "You don't have a brain in your head," the owner's daughter yells at him, information that stardles only Dillon. Since much of the distaff population of Delisle finds Dillon irresistible, it is tempting to deduce from *Paperback Hero* the message that the Canadian woods are full of masochists. The men take their lumps on the ice, then pass them along to the womenfolk in the bedroom. Loretta's steadfast affection for Dillon is meant to be winsome, cockeyed and noble all at once. But in this benighted melodrama, compassion and indulgence are the same, and women are the stronger vessel because they take their punishment with a tear and a smile. ■ J.C.

Latest
U.S. Gov't report shows:

Iceberg 100's lowest in tar of all menthol 100's.



Iceberg 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

8 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74.

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Recycled Life

Clemert Lee has been a Denver *Post* reporter, a saxophonist and clarinetist, a court reporter and a Navy security guard. Now, however, Lee is 80 and, because "no one wants to hire a man my age," he went into business for himself three years ago. His job, as he puts it, is "cleaning up America."

With his wife of 52 years, Lee tramps along the West's interstate highways, picking up aluminum beer and soft-drink cans. "Ain't people nasty the way they throw junk all over the roadside?" said Lee last week, taking a break along the shoulder of Highway 15 in the middle of the Mojave Desert. He shuffled a half mile back down the road to a camper where his wife Grace, 72, was watching over a dozen sacks and cardboard cartons brimming with cans. "It's just terrible to see this litter," she said. "But picking it up is fun. We get good exercise, and the fresh air revives us."

The Lees can collect as many as 500 cans a day, which they sell for about \$20 to a salvage dealer near their home in San Diego. But they profess not to be worried about the low monetary return. Says Clemert Lee: "Cleaning up America is better than sitting at home twiddling my thumbs."

LEE AT WORK IN MOJAVE DESERT



Dialing Butterfield Hate

When he revealed the existence of Richard Nixon's tapes, Alexander Butterfield doomed the President. A former White House aide, Butterfield was only truthfully replying to the questions of Senate investigators, but he incurred the enduring hatred of Nixon loyalists, who thought that he should have covered up for his old boss.

Nearly two years later, Butterfield is still being hunted down by hardcore Nixonians. Now head of the Federal Aviation Administration, which is under attack for neglecting safety standards, he has been hampered by the undercutting and sandbagging of Nixon allies in the Department of Transportation, the parent body of FAA. What is more, Butterfield has been getting midnight phone calls from old associates who have berated him for coming clean about the White House tapes. One call came from Rose Mary Woods, the former President's longtime secretary, who angrily assailed Butterfield as a "son of a bitch" and charged: "You destroyed the greatest leader this country ever had."

But outside Washington, Butterfield has found that his forthright revelation about the tapes has created quite a different reaction. On trips, Butterfield is constantly sought out by people who want to congratulate him for his honesty and candor. In Los Angeles, one woman asked him if he would shake her son's hand. "His father was killed in Viet Nam," she said. "You're the kind of man he would want his son to grow up to be."

Squirrely Days in Sacramento

In a surge of reforming zeal, California's voters last June approved a clean-government referendum known as Proposition Nine, which was as confused in its meaning as it was noble in its intent. A commission is now hard at work trying to figure out what the 20,000-word provision allows and what it forbids. But in the interim, the panel has passed the word that anyone employed by the state government should play it safe and accept no gifts from lobbyists.

Thus Beverlee Manley, an analyst for an assembly committee, does not allow her lobbyist husband to buy her dinner. There is some doubt that Sarah Michael, a consultant for another committee, could legally accept an engagement ring from Bernie Mikell, her



"The Democrats have a better idea."

boy friend, since he works as a lobbyist for the California Savings and Loan League. The state's assemblymen have sworn off the free orange juice, doughnuts, ice cream and milk that traditionally have been donated by outside interests.

A more baffling problem has been how to sustain the squirrels that frisk and frolic on the capitol lawn in Sacramento. For years, Assemblyman Eugene Chappie has been feeding the squirrels with samples provided by the Northern California Walnut Growers Association. Daunted by Proposition Nine, Chappie thought at first that he would have to find some walnuts grown on state land to keep the squirrels from becoming a vanishing breed. But then Assemblyman Edwin L. Zberg won 50 lbs. of walnuts in a raffle, which he promptly gave to Chappie. Now other assemblymen are anteing up a buck apiece for a nut fund to keep the squirrels gamboling as happily as in the days before Proposition Nine altered the ways and means of everyone's life in Sacramento.

Staying Home

Americans traditionally do not get very excited about mid-term congressional elections, and their performance last November was no exception. According to a sampling by the U.S. Bureau of the Census, of the 141 million persons who were eligible to vote, only 62% registered and 45% exercised their franchise. It was particularly disappointing that only 21% of Americans between 18 and 20 bothered to cast their ballots, thereby mocking the lengthy campaign that finally in 1972 gave all 18-year-olds the right to vote.



THE ADMINISTRATION

Seeking to Head Off a Policy Collision

Just when the President and Congress were eyeball to eyeball on economic and energy policy, both sides seemed to blink. Collision was giving way to compromise last week as the Democrats speedily hammered out a tax cut not too dissimilar to Gerald Ford's proposal. Even though the White House and Capitol Hill were still at sharp odds over an energy package, everyone involved seemed to be looking out of the corner of his eye for an escape from the impasse. "I am more than willing to cooperate," Ford told a group of Democratic congressional leaders. "I believe there are more grounds for agreement than disagreement." Al Ullman, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee and a key Democratic strategist, sounded the same conciliatory note. "We must find a way to avoid confrontation. If Congress and the Executive get into a hassle, this country will suffer."

It was indeed no time for stalemate government; the state of the economy demanded quick, concerted action. For the fifth successive month, leading economic indicators continued to dip. Mainly because of soaring oil prices, the U.S. trade deficit reached \$3.07 billion last year, the second largest deficit in American history after the 1972 imbalance of \$6.9 billion. Most economists anticipated that the jobless rate would continue its climb. The only bright news was a decline in interest rates. While the health of the auto industry remained the largest question mark in predicting

recovery, the stock market nonetheless had its biggest rally since May 1973 (see **ECONOMY & BUSINESS**).

In whirlwind time, the House Democrats formed a rough consensus on a tax cut and began work on a bill. A procession of both liberal and conservative economists generally gave the Ways and Means Committee the same advice: cut taxes more than the \$16 billion proposed by Ford and do it faster for maximum effect. Ford's proposed two-part rebate scheme—one payment to be made in May, a second in September—would be too little, too late to hasten an economic upswing. Even Arthur Burns, the cautious, independent chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, said that he would prefer an immediate reduction in taxes, provided it was not made permanent. Liberals also argued that more money than Ford had proposed should be returned to lower-income groups.

Ullman's initial bill embodies most of this advice. He called for a tax cut of \$18 billion, with \$14 billion in relief for individuals and \$4 billion for business. The measure included:

- A 10% rebate on 1974 taxes that would return a maximum of \$300 to an individual. The money returned would start to diminish at a taxable income level of \$20,000 a year and would be eliminated for anyone with taxable income above \$30,000. The President had asked for a 12% rebate for all taxpayers, with a ceiling of \$1,000.

- A rise in the standard deduction from \$2,000 to a maximum deduction

of \$2,500 a year for individuals and \$3,000 for joint returns.

- A tax credit of 5% on all earned income up to \$4,000 a year, as an additional boost for the poor. Above that figure, the credit would be phased out until it disappeared at an annual income of \$8,000.

- A permanent increase in the investment tax credit from 7% to 10%. Ford had requested a hike to 12%, but only for a year.

The Democratic program returns 94% of the total tax relief to individuals who earn less than \$20,000 a year and 52% to those with an annual income of less than \$10,000. Ford, on the other hand, gives 43% of the tax cut to taxpayers who earn more than \$20,000 a year and only 15% to those with incomes under \$10,000. Republicans on Ways and Means argue that middle-income individuals, pushed into higher tax brackets by inflation, also deserve a tax break, a point that the President has continually emphasized. G.O.P. legislators may try to give them relief by increasing the \$750 personal exemption.

There was less apparent maneuver on the energy question, and both sides seemed to be more locked into their positions—the President insisting on a free market approach that would reduce the consumption of oil by significantly raising its cost, the Democrats favoring a system of mandatory allocation or possibly rationing. Even so, there was some subtle give during the week, a sign that

THE NATION

no position was so doggedly held that it could not ultimately shift.

Two weeks ago Ford, with a stroke of the pen, raised the tariff on imported oil by \$1 per bbl. as the first step of an increase that would reach a maximum of \$3 per bbl. on April 1. Democrats thought that they had the perfect riposte to this presidential assertiveness. The liberals on Ways and Means adopted a bill postponing the tariff hike for 90 days. Then they linked the measure with a boost in the national debt ceiling that the Administration had sought in order to finance its ballooning deficit (see box). The Democrats reasoned that Ford could not veto the hybrid bill if he wanted the debt ceiling raised.

They figured wrongly. Republicans knew a political opening when they saw one. A few of them failed to vote against the linkage, enabling the bill to be reported out of committee. Explained an Administration energy official: "If the legislation goes to the White House in that form, the President can brand it partisan, irresponsible policies. Then he will veto it, and the Democrats will look very bad." Belatedly, many Democrats were beginning to realize their mistake. Conceded a Senate Democratic staffer: "We may have to eat some humble pie on this strategy."

During the week, Ullman quietly tried to negotiate a compromise with Ford to avoid a floor fight on the bill. In-

creasingly, it looked as if the President had enough Republican and conservative Democratic votes in the Senate to prevent an override of his veto of the tariff deferral. Even if they lacked the necessary votes, Republicans were prepared to filibuster and try to pick up enough support to prevent cloture. Ullman felt that the Democrats could live with the \$1 bbl. oil increase if the President would hold off on the subsequent hikes.

Get Cracking. What the Democrats need above all is time, and Ford is reluctant to give it to them. Distracted by their sweeping reorganization at the opening of the 94th Congress, they have not been able to produce a coherent energy program of their own. Nor are future prospects very bright. Senator Henry Jackson was supposed to submit a seven-point program last week but, partly because he was recovering from an operation for kidney stones, he shelved it. The Democrats have not even succeeded in drawing up a general policy statement that would lay out possible energy options. Last week a six-member task force, headed by John Pastore of Rhode Island, was set up in the Senate to work out a comprehensive economic and energy policy. House Speaker Carl Albert summoned all the committee chairmen and told them to get cracking on a similar program. In the meantime Senator Edward Kennedy unveiled his own program, featuring



HOUSE SPEAKER CARL ALBERT

higher taxes on gas-guzzling cars and a tax rebate for buyers of more efficient automobiles. He also called for a mandatory allocation program for gasoline as well as quotas on imported oil.

But at best, no overall plan is expected to emerge from both Houses before April—if then. "It's a big, big problem," admits Texas Representative Jim Wright. "We can't agree among ourselves. But we can't just be negative."

Ford's Grand Canyon Budget

As federal budgets go, the one that President Ford will submit to Congress this week resembles its predecessors in its time-worn definition of just how big the Government must be to meet the needs of the nation. The answer seems to be: bigger. The President called for federal spending in fiscal year 1976, which begins next July, of a record \$349.4 billion. That would be an increase of 11.5% over this year's level, even though Ford is proposing almost no new programs except in the energy area. To keep outlays from rising even higher, Ford also called for spending cuts of \$17 billion this year and next. What emerged as the budget's main feature was the Grand Canyon-scale gap that it would accept between income and outgo. Between Ford's own \$16 billion tax cut proposal and the general shrinking in revenues caused by the recession, the projected deficits come to \$34.7 billion for this year and an additional \$51.9 billion in fiscal 1976—the deepest peacetime flow of red ink in U.S. history.

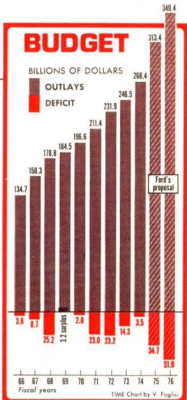
It will be embarrassing enough for such a massive deficit to occur during the Administration of a Republican President, especially one who only a few months ago was aiming for a balanced budget in fiscal 1975. Yet Ford sees no realistic way of avoiding it as he and his

policymakers seek ways to cure the nation's economic ills.

Ford's 384-page budget contains few surprises and reflects the conservative economic bent of the President and his advisers. As such, it is headed for certain trouble at the hands of a largely liberal and Democratic Congress. Many of Ford's spending-cut proposals strike heavily at the kind of social programs that no Congress would be likely to want to trim in the midst of an economic downturn. Among Ford's reductions:

► A 5% "cap" on increases in outlays for a broad range of federal benefit programs whose payments to recipients rise with the consumer price index. Among them: Social Security, civil service and military retirement payments and food stamps. Spending for all such programs would actually go up by \$11.7 billion in Ford's budget; without the cap they would probably rise to \$17.8 billion. Ford's justification for the ceiling: payments in these areas have increased faster than inflation in recent years.

► A slash of \$6.2 billion in other social programs not tied to the consumer price index. For example, Ford would shave \$1.4 billion from Medicare through changes in cost-sharing formulas that would require patients to pay more in certain cases.



► A total of \$4.7 billion in other savings, including deferral of \$1.6 billion in spending on highway construction.

In areas of proposed spending increases, Congress is likely to grant Ford's wish for higher outlays in space, science and technology (from \$4.2 billion to \$4.6 billion); energy research



FEDERAL RESERVE CHAIRMAN BURNS AND HOUSE WAYS & MEANS CHAIRMAN ULLMAN

Says a key Administration energy adviser: "If Congress comes up with a serious alternative, there's a possibility that the next step of the tariff could be delayed. But we've heard about 100 different opinions on which way to go. And no one up there seems to be exerting leadership. Even if we wanted to talk, we don't know whom to negotiate with."

Toward the end of the week some of the urgency of the energy program seemed to diminish as Treasury Secretary William Simon testifying before a Senate subcommittee again emphasized his view that the buildup of petrodollars in the oil-producing nations was not going to be as massive as had been predicted.

Their foreign reserves, said Simon, might reach only \$200 billion to \$250 billion in 1980, rather than much higher figures that some had forecast. Reacting to higher prices, other countries were buying less oil from the oil states, which in turn were buying more goods and services than had been anticipated. Thus there was no foreseeable danger of world monetary collapse. "The international financial aspects of the oil situation are manageable," concluded Simon.

Democrats began to take a more relaxed view of the President's program. "Why adopt draconian measures?" said one Senate aide. "There's no magic in a 1 million-bbl.-per-day oil cutback that

would deflate the economy and shoot up unemployment. There has still been no coherent, clear explanation why we should put on this hair shirt." Said Democratic Whip Robert Byrd: "Let's take first things first—let's stop the recessionary slide, create jobs, cut taxes." Similar advice came from the citadel of conservative economic policy. Arthur Burns cautioned: "The President's program is so complicated that you could not in good conscience act quickly on it. I believe that full and extensive deliberation on energy policy is essential." Despite presidential pressures for haste, that kind of deliberation is just what Congress is likely to provide.

and development (\$1.1 billion to \$1.6 billion); community-development programs (\$3.3 billion to \$4.1 billion); and general revenue sharing. Ford wants the current \$6.2 billion program, due to expire next year, extended through 1982.

Congress could well ignore most of Ford's requests for cuts and go on a stimulative spending spree of its own, possibly raising the fiscal 1976 deficit to the stratospheric range of \$70 billion. But if it agrees to cuts at all, which it is likely to do, Congress will slash away at areas where Ford does not want major reductions, notably national defense. His proposed Defense Department budget is \$92.8 billion, up 9% from the current year and roughly equal to the entire federal budget just 15 years ago.

Actually, the Pentagon is asking for \$104.7 billion in "total obligational authority" so that it can sign contracts for weapons or research and development to be delivered in four or five years. The request for TOA is \$15.7 billion above this year's and is the largest ever, in peace or war.

Defense planners say that they need the money to keep pace with inflation, which has gutted military buying power, stalled delivery of new weapons, and squeezed budgets for personnel: under the Pentagon's swelling budget, 29,000 people will still be eliminated from the uniformed services, along with 10,000 ci-

vilians, in no way helping the dismal U.S. unemployment picture.

Whatever Congress does with Ford's budget, though, it is not likely to reduce substantially the exploding federal deficits for this year and next. Administration officials are using the looming deficits both as weapons against any congressionally mandated increase in Ford's \$16 billion tax cut, and as arguments against more federal spending.

Treasury Secretary William E. Simon, in appealing for a record increase to \$604 billion in the national debt ceiling, told the House Ways and Means Committee two weeks ago that he felt that the proposed deficits were "horrendous." He said that they could threaten private borrowing, drive up interest rates and stall recovery in housing and in the economy generally—unless Congress goes along with Ford's proposals to cut spending. This year, he warned, the Treasury will be invading capital markets for some \$70 billion, more money than was "raised by all borrowers, public and private, last year—or any other year in the past."

Others, though, do not share Simon's pessimistic view. Roy Ash, outgoing director of the Office of Management and Budget, sees the deficits as large but not excessive when measured against the downturn of the economy as a whole. The key to living with the deficits lies

with the Federal Reserve Board and its chairman, Arthur Burns, who offered encouragement last week. Testifying before Ways and Means, Burns told the Congressmen: "You can expect [from the Fed] an effort to expand at a moderate rate the supply of money and bank credit." But in doing so, Burns warned, the Federal Reserve has no intention of setting off a new round of inflation.

But that, in any case, may well be less of a threat than deepening recession. The budget was based on a number of candidly gloomy projections about the shape of the economy. The most startling among them is that the nation's unemployment rate, which stood at 7.1% in December, will rise enough in the coming months to average 8.1% for all of 1975; that would mean that nearly 7.5 million Americans will be looking for jobs this year. The budget also assumes that in 1976, when the President and his party will be deep into an election campaign, the average jobless rate will still be 7.9%.

Ford told the unusual step of appearing personally at a budget preview session with reporters over the weekend, thus becoming the first President since Harry Truman to do so. Ford quoted Truman as describing the \$70 billion budget for 1953, another poor year, as "the biggest headache I have ever had." The President added: "Harry, I hope you left some aspirin for me."

THE CONGRESS

Scenes from the Late '60s

A President pleading once again for more U.S. military aid to Southeast Asia. Antiwar underground radicals igniting a bomb at the State Department, hiding another in a federal building in Oakland. Peace marchers rallying in Washington, exhorted by Congresswoman Bella Abzug, Congressman-Priest Robert Drinan, Folk Singers Joan Baez and Pete Seeger. Demonstrators occupying the Minneapolis and Washington offices of Hubert Humphrey, temporarily seizing the South Vietnamese consulate in San Francisco. Senator Strom Thurmond bellowing through a bullhorn in support of the Saigon regime.

More Money. A nostalgic flashback to the nation's Viet Nam War agonies of the late '60s? Not at all. The familiar scenes were actually enacted last week, two years after the Paris peace agreement was supposed to have stopped the fighting in Viet Nam. This time the call for more military money to help anti-Communist forces in both Viet Nam and Cambodia came from President Gerald Ford. In a coordinated drive, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, Vice President Nelson Rockefeller and Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger added their personal public appeals. Even Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu suddenly submitted to interviews with a dozen newsmen. The net impression was that the nation was once again caught up in a divisive war debate.

Conceivably that could yet become the case, especially if South Viet Nam's military forces were about to collapse

and President Ford were to propose any kind of U.S. air or naval rescue effort. But at the moment the rhetoric, and even the tired bombing and sit-in tactics, were misleading. The U.S. public, worried about unemployment, recession, inflation and energy, clearly was in no mood for a renewed argument over Southeast Asia. A question among Washington politicians was why the Ford Administration, fighting on so many fronts, was risking a new confrontation over the lingering war.

Ford's explanation in a message to Congress was that the U.S., to protect its own "national security," should give South Viet Nam a supplemental appropriation of \$300 million and the anti-Communist government of Cambodia's Lon Nol \$222 million. Said Ford: "We cannot turn our backs on these embattled countries. U.S. unwillingness to provide adequate assistance to allies fighting for their lives would seriously affect our credibility throughout the world." All that was being sought for Saigon, Kissinger said, was for Congress to provide the funds that it had authorized for the current fiscal year but had failed to appropriate fully. (Actually, in its two-stage funding process, it is commonplace for Congress to authorize more money than it finally appropriates.)

Whole World. Speaking in his Saigon palace to TIME Correspondent Peter Range, Thieu put the issue more starkly. "Do the American people like the sacrifice of 50,000 American boys to be in vain? How can you imagine coming here just to run and abandon the men who continue your ideals?" If the U.S. abandons Viet Nam, as the French did in 1954, Thieu insisted apocalyptically, "all Viet Nam will be a Communist country. All Indochina. All Southeast Asia. The whole world."

That talk will not be persuasive in the U.S. Congress. Indeed, congressional leaders came away from a more reasoned presentation by Ford wholly unconvinced that more American money should be pumped into Southeast Asia. "We've sort of had it up to the neck," said Senator Humphrey. "There's a real feeling that there has to be a complete cutoff not too far down the line." Senator Robert Byrd said that he would vote for Ford's request only "if we could be assured by God himself on tablets of stone that \$300 million would be all and that it would save South Viet Nam for all time."

Briefing a group of Congressmen at the Pentagon, the usually dispassionate Schlesinger was startled by the vehemence of the opposition to the military-aid proposals. When the Secretary argued that the U.S. had an obligation to support Saigon, Rhode Island's freshman Democrat Edward Beard inter-



DAMAGE AT STATE DEPARTMENT BUILDING
A tired and counterproductive tactic.

rupted, "Hey, a man named Richard Nixon made that commitment, not Ed Beard. I would never subsidize a bunch of crooks in Saigon."

Why, then, was the Administration waging such a seemingly hopeless fight? A few wary Democrats in Congress suspected that the military situation might be deteriorating rapidly in South Viet Nam, and that Ford was maneuvering to blame the Democrats if there are national recriminations over a Saigon collapse. But while the long-range prospects for the Saigon government's forces do not look good, the fall of Saigon would hardly become imminent solely because of the lack of another \$300 million.

Into a Rathole. In the two years since the "peace" settlement, some 130,000 Vietnamese have been killed by the continued fighting. Both sides have violated the treaty provisions—the Communists most glaringly in a military way, the Thieu government by resisting the prescribed procedures for a political accommodation. There is room for reasoned argument over whether continued U.S. military aid merely contributes to the carnage or is vital to the prospects of eventual peace and freedom in Southeast Asia. But there is little doubt about the practical political realities in the U.S. Georgia's Democratic Congressman John Flynt Jr. bluntly expressed the predominant congressional opinion when he declared: "We can't vote to pour more and more money into a rathole when people in this country are unemployed." That sentiment could change as the Ford Administration spreads new alarms about the Communist military buildup in Viet Nam. But, as with protest bombs and antiwar marches, scare tactics, even if the dangers are genuine, may prove all too familiar to be effective.

CAPITOL ANTIWAR RALLY LAST WEEK



THE EX-PRESIDENT

The End of a Painful Transition

There will be a small farewell party at San Clemente this week, probably a mixture of tears and forced gaiety. The six-month period of federally subsidized transition is ending for former President Richard Nixon on Feb. 9, and with it a fleet of Government cars, caretakers, telephone operators, and the salaries for much of his staff. He will now have to get along on his \$60,000 annual pension, plus \$200,000 a year to operate an office, and whatever he can earn by writing about his unique career in politics. Nixon has received part of his \$175,000 advance from Warner Paperback Library, the publisher of his memoirs.

Recent visitors to Nixon's Casa Pacifica compound report that his spirits and his health have taken an upturn. Actually, the dwindling staff seems more depressed than the boss. "How much can you walk on the beach?" asked one youthful aide last week. "We have developed a special bond with each other; we depend so much on each other. But it is the bitter life of exile."

Ghost Town. Originally, 22 Washington aides followed Nixon to San Clemente, most of them still drawing their Government salaries. Concerned about their future, many have left. With the departure this week of another half a dozen, only five full-time aides will remain, including Personal Secretary Rose Mary Woods and former Nixon Speechwriter Franklin Gannon, who will help research Nixon's memoirs. He will draw a \$34,000 salary. There will still be some 30 Secret Service men alternating duty in protecting the Nixons, but generally, lamented one departing secretary, "it will be a ghost town around here; it's really sad."

Former Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler will remain a "voluntary consultant" to Nixon on a part-time basis. In preparation for a career on the college lecture circuit, Ziegler has let his hair grow longer and allowed photographers to snap him riding a motorcycle and

playing drums. But that career is off to a shaky start. Student-government groups at both Boston University and Michigan State voted not to meet his \$2,500 fee on the ground that he should be free to speak, all right, but not at student expense. B.U. President John Silber later re-invited Ziegler in the interest of free speech, offering to pay him \$1,000 in university funds, but Ziegler's agent rejected that as too small. Silber observed that "the process of Ziegler's mind provides excellent material for a textbook on logical fallacies."

Rose Mary Woods will continue to serve Nixon in Washington, drawing a \$42,000 salary out of his federal office allotment. She has been zealously guarding Nixon's varied left-behind memorabilia and fuming at court orders that impounded them. Both Nixon's attorneys and the special prosecutor's staff last week asked Federal Judge Charles Richey to permit the transfer to Nixon of such items as his reading glasses, a wedding picture of Tricia, and his collection of elephants and gavel. Friends find her bitter and, according to one, "pretty worn down with the frustration and the pettiness she encounters."

Judge Richey rejected a Nixon suit that his presidential tapes and papers were his private property. They belong to the Government, declared Richey. But this does not mean "unlimited public access," Richey decided, and Nixon's privacy thus will be somewhat protected. But if Nixon's Watergate ordeal seemed to be easing, the fallout is still being felt by others. Tim Babcock, former Republican Governor of Montana, last week was sentenced to four months in prison by Washington Federal Judge George Hart for concealing the source of a \$54,000 contribution to Nixon's 1972 re-election campaign.

Nixon, on the other hand, seems buoyed by recent visits from such diverse personalities as Henry Kissinger, Ronald Reagan, Frank Sinatra and Bar-

ry Goldwater. To intimates, he has fantasized that he would not mind being U.S. Ambassador to China some day. Senator Goldwater revealed that Nixon had "talked of his desire to get back into the political arena, not as a candidate but as party spokesman." Goldwater naively suggested that the party would welcome him in that role. Asked about this, Senate Republican Leader Hugh Scott, personally burned by some of Nixon's Watergate deceptions, offered a no-comment in German: "*Ich kann nicht Englisch sprechen* [I cannot speak English]."

Nixon was cheered by the most optimistic report yet from his personal physician John Lungen. The doctor said that Nixon can now swim and take long walks and in a few weeks may be able to "take occasional trips by car, plane or helicopter."

Shared Ordeal. Nixon's medical treatment has been expensive. He has written one check for \$11,000 and still owes \$22,000. He also has heavy mortgage commitments on his San Clemente and Key Biscayne estates. The Florida home is up for sale. One buyer offered a price that would have given Nixon a \$150,000 profit, but insisted that a road past the house be made private to keep tourists away. County officials refused, and the offer was withdrawn.

Soon Dick and Pat will be relatively alone in the huge house, guarded against intruders by rotating television cameras atop white poles. Their shared ordeal has apparently aged Pat but strengthened the bond between them. "She is used to smiling no matter how she feels," confided one aide. "But you sense that just beneath the surface there is pain. You see her trembling mouth; you know she is cut to the quick beneath her proud gestures."

NIXON IN SAN CLEMENTE OFFICE



PAT NIXON AWAITING KISSINGER'S ARRIVAL AT CASA PACIFICA



THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDNEY

L.B.J., Hoover and Domestic Spying

As the mists of a decade of White House conspiracy rolled back, there is a better view of Lyndon Johnson. The new trails of CIA and FBI domestic spying, however uncertain as yet, lead back to his Oval Office and that towering figure of contradictions. Those ravaged patrons of Richard Nixon are quick to suggest that L.B.J. was as bad as or worse than the disgraced 37th President. But that has not yet been proved.

What seems more likely is that there was an unusual combination of people and events in the mid-1960s. There was J. Edgar Hoover, the aging head of the FBI, who kept in his private safe the hottest files on important people and dribbled the information out to Presidents when it served his power-hungry purpose. Hoover knew his man; Johnson had a voracious appetite for gossip. Then there was Cartha (Deke) DeLoach, Hoover's deputy, who felt that he might be named Hoover's replacement under Johnson. DeLoach became a courier to the White House of the juicy gleanings from the FBI.

And then there was Johnson, schooled in the tangles of Texas politics, tutored by Master Plotter Franklin Roosevelt, tempered in the Senate's school of the deal, and ultimately a man who believed that there were no accidents in politics, only conspiracies. He armored himself with intimate knowledge of those he believed conspired against him, which was almost everybody. "I don't trust anybody but Lady Bird," he once said, "and sometimes I'm not sure about her."

He never accepted the findings of the Warren Commission and believed always that John Kennedy's assassination was a conspiracy by Communists in retaliation for a reported effort by Kennedy to have Fidel Castro killed. He believed that the race riots in the ghettos and the peace marches in the streets were being paid for by the Red Chinese. "I know there is Chinese Communist money there," he kept telling his aides.

L.B.J. was convinced that Bobby Kennedy had bugged him all during the time that he was Vice President. He frequently called the CIA "Murder Incorporated" because he believed that the CIA had gone ahead and killed South Vietnam's President Ngo Dinh Diem against Kennedy's wishes. He had a further notion that the CIA was somehow linked with the Mafia.

He read and reported with relish the findings of the Treasury in the biggest tax cases. He bragged once that he knew within minutes what Senator William Fulbright, then chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, had said at lunch at the Soviet embassy or what Soviet contacts had told other members of Congress at cocktail parties. He insisted that the Soviets were building Viet Nam opposition in Congress and the press. He slapped his thigh with delight when he got a report from the FBI about a prominent Republican Senator who frequented a select Chicago bordello and had some kinky sexual preferences, all of which were reported in detail. The information came from a madam who was an FBI informer.

As the 1968 Democratic Convention approached, the FBI sent Johnson almost daily reports on the people and events of that unsettled time. One Johnson aide remembers that there was information about the activities of Congressmen and Senators. The FBI reports were often included in the President's night reading, and sometimes they were such "garbage," as

one man said, that Johnson aides thought they were not fit for the President to see. They were sent back to the bureau.

Shortly after Johnson took office, the transcript and tapes of Martin Luther King's bedroom activities were spirited to him. He read the accounts, which an aide described as being "like an erotic book." He listened to the tapes that even had the noises of the bedsprings.

When a Johnson assistant once defended King's antiwar activities, L.B.J. exploded: "Goddammit, if only you could hear what that hypocritical preacher does sexually." The aide tried to joke, "Sounds good, Mr. President," he said. A huge grin appeared momentarily on Johnson's face, but he quickly caught it and returned to his threatening self.

An aide remembers being with Johnson and Hoover when Hoover was reporting on important people linked to the gambling world. Johnson was fascinated, but hesitant. How did Hoover know these things? he asked. Because of wiretaps, Hoover told the President. Then Hoover would drop a tidbit or two. Johnson was all ears, but he would protest, "All right, all right," as if he wanted Hoover to stop. Hoover did not stop. He kept on talking, and L.B.J. kept on listening. Johnson



HOOVER & JOHNSON AT THE WHITE HOUSE IN 1967

was hooked and Hoover knew it. Yet for all of this, Johnson sometimes denounced bugging as if it were original sin. "The worst thing in our society would be to not be able to pick up a phone for fear of it being tapped," he told one of his men. "I don't want any wiretapping," he said when he was designing the Safe Streets Act. However, Senator John McClellan talked him into including a provision for wiretapping. The Congress then provided more authority than agreed upon, so Johnson ordered the Justice Department not to use that power.

At one point Johnson became so angry at Hoover and the bureau that he ordered his Secret Service detail chief, Rufus Youngblood, to go over to Justice and take over the FBI. Youngblood went there, wandered around for a few days, but the order was never formalized. Two of Johnson's closest friends warned L.B.J. that Hoover was disregarding the civil liberties of many people. It was then that Johnson gave his pungent summation of why he kept Hoover: "I would rather have him inside the tent pissing out than outside the tent pissing in."

None of the Johnson men remembers any written orders to the FBI or the CIA on all this dirty linen. The material just came in, and Johnson seemed to understand. But then there came a day when that changed, at least with the FBI. After Johnson had announced that he would not seek re-election in 1968, he learned from an intelligence report that Anna Chennault, widow of famed World War II Flying Tiger General Claire Chennault and a money raiser for the 1968 Nixon campaign, had got in touch with the Saigon government. It was suspected, at the least, that she was urging them not to cooperate with Johnson in his last days, but wait for Nixon to be elected. The belief in the White House then was that a high Republican traveling with Vice Presidential Candidate Spiro Agnew had got to Mme. Chennault to urge her to carry the message to Saigon. When Johnson demanded to know who the contact on the Agnew plane might have been, the FBI's proven ability to detect such sources suddenly and mysteriously faltered. As one of Johnson's most trusted men put it last week, "The power had passed." Indeed it had. Another conspirator was about to enter the White House, and the FBI was getting ready for him.

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Then test drive an Audi and compare its interior to ours. And compare Audi's standard luxury features to Saab's nylon-velour, fully reclining bucket-seats, heated driver's seat, fold-down rear seat, and tinted windows.



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compare them to our front-wheel drive, rack-and-pinion steering, steel-belted radial tires, fuel-injection, and power-assisted, four-wheel disc brakes.



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axle rear suspension that's so responsive, it helps smooth out even the roughest roads.



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CRIME

The Skid Row Slasher

The anxiety was almost palpable along Los Angeles' Skid Row on Wednesday night of last week. Businessmen who work in the gleaming new office towers near by hurried home along the Harbor Freeway. Frightened winos and derelicts crowded the dilapidated missions or dozed uneasily on hardwood chairs in the shelter of neighborhood chapels. Liquor sales were off, and the drab streets, lined with pawnshops, surplus-clothing stores and aging apartment hotels, were uncommonly empty.

LOS ANGELES TIMES



BODY OF SLASHER VICTIM CARRIED FROM APARTMENT

In the past eight weeks, seven middle-aged men, most of them down-and-outers, had been found in doorways, alleyways and cheap hotel rooms within the 1-sq.-mi. Skid Row area, their throats slit deeply from ear to ear—and the killer had always struck on Wednesdays or weekends. Los Angeles police call him the Slasher; some vagrants of the neighborhood have dubbed him the Head Chopper.

A Jackal. That night the anxiety turned out to be misplaced only in geography. Once again the murderer struck, but this time some six miles from Skid Row. The eighth victim, George Frias, 45, a catering-service secretary, was found in his modern first-floor Hollywood apartment on distant North Kingsley Drive, but he had worked near where the other victims were slain. His throat, too, was slit. A ninth man, also presumed to be a victim of the Slasher, was discovered two days later less than a mile away in another Hollywood apartment.

The police are searching for a 6-ft., 190-lb. man with stringy blond hair. Deputy Chief George N. Beck says that a psychiatric profile describes the killer as "a jackal... a loner, some guy who probably lives like a hermit and only creeps out of his hole to commit these horrible crimes." The police also say that he could be a homosexual. The killer preys on defenseless men of small stature in their 40s or 50s, knocks them unconscious with blows

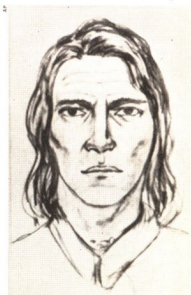
to the head and slits their throats with a large sharp hunting knife. Then, before fleeing, he usually removes his victim's shoes and neatly arranges them at the feet of the body. The Slasher's targets include whites, blacks, Mexican Americans and one Eskimo, largely men with no known backgrounds or family ties that might help the police investigation.

Among Skid Row drinkers and drifters, rumors and suspicion of strangers and each other run high. Augustine Cruz, 58, shakily raised his plastic coffee cup at the Union Rescue Mission and rolled his bloodshot eyes as he recalled that several of the victims used to bed down with him on the library lawn where one of the murders took place: "I want this guy bad. He's already got three of my buddies. But why kill winos? What does he want?" Some of the younger men shrug it off. "Long as he doesn't bother me, I ain't got nothing against him," says Gilbert Stewart, a 27-year-old Texas black. Others are too far gone to care. But many admit that for once they are worrying about more than their next slug of Ripple.

All Praying. Hotels that cater to the area's unfortunates are keeping their doors locked 24 hours a day. A sign at the Pickwick Hotel advises, **NO VISITERS ALLOWED NO MORE.** At the mission, Jack McCarty, 50, shuddered: "A lot of the guys are sticking around here even during the day, talking about him all the time." Says the mission chaplain, George Caywood: "Everybody is looking at everybody else. We're all praying the Lord will help the police. These men are our friends. It really grieves us to see them so frightened." But no one could offer them any reason to hope that the Skid Row Slasher would not strike again.



WINOS SHARING A BOTTLE ON A LOS ANGELES SKID ROW STREET
More to worry about than the next slug of Ripple.



POLICE SKETCH OF THE KILLER
"What does he want?"

Wallace and Sylvia Fengler: 264-acre timber barons.

The Fengler's little tree farm near Scarborough, Maine, may seem like a dot on a whale compared to the 753 million acres of forest in America.

But together with millions of other woodlot owners, the Fenglers will play a key role in meeting America's growing demand for wood. Those individuals own 59% of the nation's commercial forest*.

And they can make or break the resource.

Here's what Wallace and Sylvia Fengler accomplished in just three years — working side by side.

They harvested 712 cords and 258,000 board feet of wood products from their 264 acres; planted two acres to wildlife shrubs; thinned, weeded and pruned 18 acres of white pine and established 23 acres of forest plantation, including white and red pine seedlings. They've also constructed and stocked a trout pond.

In their spare time, they built their own home, from the foundation up. Right on the farm.

And their new crop of trees will be ready for another harvest in a few years, larger than the last.



Not bad for a young couple. But the Fenglers want to give credit where credit is due. They're the first to point out they got help, ideas and good professional advice from cooperative loggers, state foresters, and staff foresters from the S.D. Warren Division of Scott Paper Company.

It would be difficult to say whether the Fenglers are typical.

Tree farmers are a diverse lot — doctors, plumbers, legislators, corporations. But they all have one thing in common. A feel for the land and a desire to improve it.

So the next time somebody tells you the forests are all owned by giant corporations or some government agency, tell them about the Fenglers.

If you own 10 acres or more of woodlands and would like to know about the American Tree Farm System, write for more facts.

George Cheek, Executive Vice President, American Forest Institute, P.O. Box 38, Riverdale, Maryland 20840.



Trees. The renewable resource.

*Commercial forest is described as that portion of the total forest which is capable and available for growing trees for harvest. Parks, Wilderness and Primitive Areas are not included. Government, state and federal, own 28%. The forest products industry is a distant third in ownership with 13%.

AMERICAN SCENE

This Is the Army, Mr. Jones?

To see what basic training is like in the new, all-volunteer U.S. Army, TIME Correspondent James Bell last week visited Fort Jackson in the piney woods of South Carolina. Bell brought plenty of credentials and plenty of perspective to the job. He had taken basic training during World War II and later reported on how the system of making soldiers out of civilians operated during the Korean War. Old Soldier Bell's report:

"Our mission is to develop a highly motivated, disciplined soldier who knows the basic skills of his craft," says Major General William B. Caldwell III, commander of Fort Jackson. "Unlike the Marines—and I don't mean to criticize them—we don't first break a man down and then rebuild him. We think that he should be able to think for himself. He should respond to orders, but we don't want to set him in a mold."

From the day of his arrival at Fort Jackson to start his two-year enlistment, today's recruit is treated in considerate ways that would have astonished G.I.s of the past. For example, the recruit is quickly outfitted by tailors who make on-the-spot adjustments. Instead of being shorn like a lamb, the trainee can give precise orders on how his hair should be cut, as long as it does not touch his ears or collar. He dines in a style that used to be reserved for officers.

If he is lucky, the new soldier is assigned to a facility that looks more like a garden apartment complex than a military barracks. Completely air-conditioned, the buildings are equipped with color television, single beds, spacious lockers and individual toilet facilities that old Sad Sack, the perennial latrine officer, would not believe. So far, only one of these superbarracks has been constructed at Fort Jackson, but three others are being built or are scheduled for erection, enough to handle half of the 4,000 male recruits that stream through the gates every month.

Dress Right. Instead of being shocked awake by a whistle or worse, the recruit begins his day at 5:30 a.m. when the lights are snapped on. There is no reveille formation. Matter of fact, there is no retreat and there are precious few other occasions when the new soldier has to fall in and dress right.

The training course, which has been cut to less than seven weeks from the

once traditional three months, has been wisely weeded and pruned. I remember spending two weeks alternately sitting around baking in the sun and policing the area at Fort Leavenworth, Kans., while waiting for something to happen, but much of this sort of foolishness has been eliminated. Gone are the endless orientation lectures that used to provide an opportunity for a recruit to catch up on sleep while some clod stood before a map and explained where Scandinavia was as he pointed to the Iberian pen-

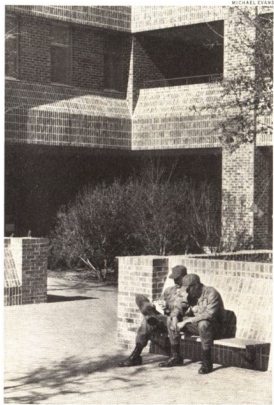
charges on the use of such weapons as the M-16 rifle and the M-79 grenade launcher, and teach them how to survive on the battlefield. The recruits "attack" while machine guns are fired over their heads, are ambushed by a tear-gas attack and end up marching 15 miles and bivouacking in the field for a week. The men have to pass a final exam in combat skills. Anyone who flunks twice has to take the entire seven-week course over again.

Very Choosy. The Army now has the right to discharge any soldier within 180 days if he cannot cut it physically, mentally or morally. The discharge is honorable, but the person is not eligible for veterans' benefits. Under the program, 9.5% of the men at Fort Jackson were sent home last year.

Nowadays the Army can afford to be very choosy. The recession has increased the number and quality of the applicants. The members of one new company at Fort Jackson average 12.7 years of schooling. A high school graduate who signs up for a combat unit gets a \$2,500 bonus when he enlists. His monthly pay starts at \$344.10 a month, plus another \$110.70 a month if he is married, plus free uniforms, housing, food, medical care and the benefits of the G.I. Bill waiting for him when he leaves.

"Critics of the volunteer Army said that it would turn into a force of the undereducated, the deprived, the dregs and the minorities," says General Caldwell. "It just hasn't happened that way." When the all-volunteer Army was established in July 1973, 19% of the Army were black (v. 11% of the population). The figure has since edged up to 22%, but the level is holding. There seems to be little racial tension at Fort Jackson. Frank Lewis, a black from Newark, told me: "Here in the barracks we've got to get along together as a team all the time. If one of us goof up, we all get in trouble."

General Caldwell claims that "morale is far and above what it was during the days of the draft," and the evidence at Fort Jackson seems to back him up. The rates of courts-martial and AWOLs are down. I never talked to more soldiers who did less bitching. In fact, no one even seems to swear any more. I heard exactly one four-letter word. On a rifle range, a sergeant turned on a complainant and shouted, "That's tough shit, soldier!" The lieutenant in charge of the range looked shocked. He grinned at me and said, "Well, you can't change human nature." The incident made me feel a little more at home.



FORT JACKSON TRAINEES RELAXING OUTSIDE NEW QUARTERS
Facilities that Sad Sack would not believe.

insula. By and large, gone too are the arrogant sergeants and junior officers who ordered a trainee to do humiliating things just to show off their authority.

Instead, the recruits get tough, demanding and useful training under the command of their drill sergeants, men who wear their distinctive campaign hats down low over their eyes and who are the key to the whole operation. Most of the sergeants are Viet Nam veterans: all have had 13 to 20 years' service, and all have gone through a special training course hard enough to flunk 35% of those enrolled.

For twelve to 14 hours a day, six days a week, the sergeants drill their

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1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74

Seafloor oil wells.

Exxon is developing a revolutionary system of underwater wells that may unlock oil and gas reserves deeper beneath the sea than ever before.

To boost America's energy production, Exxon is taking a giant step down.

Today, under the Gulf of Mexico, Exxon is testing the prototype of a system that may someday allow us to reach for oil and natural gas deeper beneath the sea than has ever been possible.

The prototype is called the Submerged Production System—or SPS. As the name indicates, it operates completely *underwater*.

Exxon saw the need for such a system in the mid-1960's—years before the term "energy crisis" entered our vocabulary. Now, after \$30 million of design, engineering and construction, the first SPS unit is undergoing operational testing.

Why it's needed

Nearly all of today's offshore oil and gas is brought to the surface by wells drilled from production platforms. These platforms are huge steel towers that are anchored to the seafloor and rise above the water. Up on their decks many people live and work.

These platforms are practical for production in relatively shallow water. But in deep water costs and technological problems involved make them less attractive. This is where the SPS may take over.



We will soon be producing oil and gas from water depths that will require platforms nearly as tall as the Empire State Building. The SPS may permit production from even greater water depths.

The operation

Once the SPS has been lowered to the seafloor and anchored, a drilling ship will complete a number of wells through openings on the unit and then leave.

After production begins, the SPS will carry out the entire production operation. All SPS functions will be monitored and remotely controlled by an operator aboard a ship or in a control room on shore.

At the push of a button, the operator will start up or shut down parts of the SPS unit. The SPS is designed to pipe oil and gas to shore—or to a tanker overhead, as shown in the illustration on the right.

The handy Manipulator

A maintenance device called the Manipulator services and repairs the SPS once it's on the ocean floor.

If, for example, a valve should need to be replaced, the Manipulator will be lowered to a track which encircles the SPS unit. The Manipulator will move around the track until it reaches the faulty valve. It will then remove the old part, insert a replacement, and test to make sure everything's working right.


All the while, underwater television cameras on the Manipulator will enable an operator in a work boat to direct the progress below by remote control.

Environmentally safe

Besides having the potential to unlock billions of barrels of oil—and trillions of cubic feet of gas—the SPS also offers promising environmental innovations.

The SPS is designed with special features to prevent oil leaks. And even in the unlikely event that a leak does occur, oil-catching drip pans will collect the escaping oil and automatically shut down production until repairs are made.

Deeper beneath the sea than ever before—this is one of the places Exxon is going to bring you gas and oil.



1. Drilling ship anchors over Submerged Production System and drills a number of wells.

4. Oil and gas are delivered to a tanker on the surface.

3. Oil and gas are directed through the SPS and channeled into pipelines which connect to a riser that leads to a moored storage tanker above.

2. The drill is guided through pre-planned openings clustered on the SPS and into the rocks under the seafloor.

EXXON



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The 1975 Vega.

BEST OVERALL EPA GAS MILEAGE OF ANY 4-CYLINDER U.S. CAR.

According to the Environmental Protection Agency, the 1975 Vega achieved the best overall

gasoline mileage of any four-cylinder car built in America.

The figures the EPA reported were 29 miles per gallon in the dynamometer highway driving test, and 22 miles per gallon in the city driving test.

The engine that achieved these figures was the 140-2 four-cylinder engine. It's available on the Vega Notchback shown here, and standard on the Vega GT.

With Vega's standard 16-gallon rated gas tank you can see that, under normal driving conditions, the 1975 Vega should take you a long way between fill-ups.

ECONOMY PLUS?

But gasoline economy is only the opening part of Vega's Economy Plus story.

Vega offers economy plus style, roominess and variety.

Take your pick of five Vega models, plus the sporty GT package.

There are new colors, new fabrics and new available options to order.

SEE WHAT IT'S LIKE TO DRIVE A WINNER.

In the four years since its introduction, Vega has been selected for six major awards, including *Motor Trend's* 1973 "Economy Car of

the Year," and "Best Economy Sedan" in the 1971, 1972 and 1973 *Car and Driver* Readers' Choice Poll.

In 1975 it's your turn to judge Vega. How would you like to get good gas mileage at a good low price?

Find out what it's like to drive a winner, at your Chevrolet dealer's now.



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Chevrolet



PRESIDENTIAL COUPLES AT PARIS WELCOMING CEREMONY: (FROM LEFT) MME. GISCARD D'ESTAING, SADAT, GISCARD, MME. SADAT

THE WORLD

MIDDLE EAST

A Touch of Gloom, a Hint of Peace

Until last week, Henry Kissinger had insisted that he would not undertake a trip to the Middle East unless he had a reasonably good chance of bringing back a firm agreement. But as the U.S. Secretary of State prepared for another round of his shuttle diplomacy—with visits to Jerusalem, Cairo, Amman, Damascus and Riyadh beginning next week—he changed the rules. He was off on no more than "an exploratory trip" at the request of Egypt and Israel, Kissinger said, and then only because of "the urgency of the situation." Kissinger's hedging—he was not going "to settle anything," he emphasized—considerably dampened earlier optimism that a second-stage agreement on Sinai was easily attainable.

Soviet Role. The Israelis and Arabs tried quickly to knock down dangerous conjectures about trouble ahead. Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, who wound up his first official call on France's President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing with a sizable order for French armaments, insisted that "for the first time in 26 years, peace is possible." Israel's leaders reaffirmed their intention of ceding large chunks of Sinai in return for guarantees of nonaggression.

The Soviets will send Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko to Cairo, Damascus and Baghdad before Kissinger's visit. These are the three Arab capitals that Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev was to visit before he pleaded illness (TIME, Jan. 13). The Soviets are uncomfortably aware that, with French arms and Saudi Arabian subsidies, Sadat is now less dependent on Moscow. As a result, diplomats speculate that Gromyko might

ease up on previous Russian demands that talks be shifted to Geneva.

Such a change would be a vindication of Sadat's political strategy. Egypt's President has been roundly criticized by left-wing Arabs for accepting aid from Saudi Arabia's conservative King Faisal (see box page 26). Last fall he was heavily pressured by army officers to make enough concessions to unblock the flow of Soviet arms. The army's concern was clear: since the October 1973 war, Egypt had received only two shipments of Soviet spare parts. Brezhnev's visit was considered a propitious omen: when he canceled out, the pressure on Sadat resumed.

Sadat's agreement with France for up to 50 new Mirage F1s, along with AMX-30 tanks, Crotale surface-to-air missiles, French radar systems and \$116 million in credits, will ease that pressure. Meanwhile, with help from Saudi Arabia and other oil-producing Arab states, Sadat is shifting from MIGs to Mirages in his air force and replacing most of the 120 planes that Egypt lost in the 1973 war. Sadat's success in securing arms has confounded his critics and eased pressures considerably.

Israeli Premier Yitzhak Rabin's domestic situation, meanwhile, was bleaker. Information Minister Aharon Yariv, piqued by budget slashes and what he saw as his eunuch's role in Israeli policymaking, quit the Cabinet. Yariv was a crack general who as military intelligence chief during the Six-Day War rigged decoys and subterfuges that caught Arab generals off guard. But he turned out to be a political amateur. He not only proposed talks with the Pal-

estine Liberation Organization in return for P.L.O. recognition of Israel, but also signed an opposition petition for a National Front government. With Rabin's government already resting on a narrow Knesset majority, and with public support diminishing, Yariv's resignation is likely to serve as a wedge that more skilled politicians will seek to exploit. Former Foreign Minister Abba Eban, a Rabin antagonist, was quickly proposed by friends to succeed Yariv. Another political enemy, former Defense Minister Moshe Dayan, is likely to jump back into politics after being cleared of blame for Israel's shortcomings in the October war. A special commission headed by Supreme Court President Shimon Agranat, after 14 months of hearings, last week exonerated both Dayan and former Premier Golda Meir.

Friendly Defector. Rabin's weakening domestic position could worsen Israel's mood and damage the prospects for accommodation. That mood was scarcely helped last week when a longtime U.S. friend defected. On his return to Washington from a Middle East tour, Illinois Senator Charles H. Percy said that continuing U.S. aid to Israel could be affected by "intransigence on Israel's part." Percy also said that he had told Israeli leaders: "Don't count on always having 70 Senators. Don't count on having an appropriation coming down from the White House and having it automatically increased as in the past." The Senator's credentials—a liberal Republican with a sizable Jewish constituency and undisguised presidential ambitions—made his defection significant indeed.

The View From Two Generations

The Middle East leaders with whom Henry Kissinger will soon confer were hosts during the past two weeks to a party of 53 U.S. industrialists and TIME editors and correspondents. In ten Arab capitals, the TIME-sponsored news tour repeatedly heard this message: the U.S., because of its contacts with Israel, must play the key role as Middle East peacemaker. The Arabs also emphasized that they are anxious for closer ties to the U.S. to counterpoint Washington's special relationship with Israel. Nor were they at all hesitant to lecture their visitors on what they perceive as shortcomings in U.S. foreign policy.

Last week the news tour visited two Arab leaders, Saudi Arabia's King Faisal, 68, and Algeria's President Houari Boumedienne, 50. Each, by his own lights, sought to sound a conciliatory note. In another way, the two offered a startling contrast. As Boumedienne told

certainly not in the interest of Jews as a people. Because the longer Israel maintains this obstinate attitude, the more likely it is to evoke the ire, the dissatisfaction, the resentment of the people of the world. That in itself will rub off on the Jewish people, which is something we deplore. The more Zionism resorts to intrigue, whipping up animosity, the more the world by innuendo will blame not just Israel but the Jewish people, some of whom are completely innocent. We consider it logical to expect the good Jews, who are not interested in this kind of expansionist glory, to stand up in the U.S. there do exist Jewish groups and societies that are opposed to Zionism.

ON U.S. INTERESTS: It is still our genuine hope, in fact we are pinning all our hopes, practically, on our friends the Americans, who will by now, presumably, have seen what is aggressive and what is just. All we ask of our American friends is to side with justice.

This in spite of the fact that statements attributed to Dr. Kissinger had him advocate certain military steps to be taken against the Arab oil-producing countries. Needless to say, we did not expect such threatening words to emerge from the lips of Dr. Kissinger. In contrast to Dr. Kissinger's unexpected—from our point of view—utterances, I would refer you to something that could be considered compensation, namely President Ford's later statement. He said in effect that in spite of your relationship with Israel, your policy should rest before anything else on the interests of the U.S. (TIME, Jan. 20). Mr. [Joseph] Sisco says that the U.S. is giving voluminous aid and assistance to Israel to keep it flexible. So far, we have not seen any proof or any dividends of flexibility in return for this kind of generous deed. The exact opposite has been the case.

It remains our policy, our genuine concern to strengthen Saudi-American relations. It would pain us deeply to see the interests of the U.S. in this area, and certainly in our country, go down the drain. Don't be surprised by our tenacious pinning of our hopes on the U.S., because historically, America has stood for freedom and liberty and the championship of just causes. Even in Viet Nam, the U.S. went across thousands of miles and committed its own forces in defense of South Viet Nam, which was threatened by aggression from North Viet Nam. We read the message. The U.S. should take a similar stand against aggression, against a continuous Israeli expansionist movement.

It may interest you to know that since I am in constant touch with my brethren in other parts of the Arab world I would like to convey to you the assurance they have given me, namely that

if the U.S. can bestir itself and really prove helpful, as we think it intends to, in prevailing upon Israel to see the light, to simmer down, to settle down, then all those other Arab countries have assured me that they would like nothing better than to strengthen and deepen relations with the U.S.

A More Positive Role

Algeria's Boumedienne met the TIME group in the Moorish residence constructed for the French governors general of colonial Algeria. The building is now the Palace of the People, used by Boumedienne's socialist government only on ceremonial occasions. In his discourse, Boumedienne was particularly eloquent on the subject of Algerian nationalism. Excerpts:

ON U.S. OIL "STRANGULATION": The U.S. has a right to put this forward as a problem tied to human civilization. But consider: other people are being strangled by hunger. Why do not the U.S., Europe, Canada and Australia produce

TONY RUTZ



KING FAISAL OF SAUDI ARABIA

the TIME group, "King Faisal and I have good relations in spite of the fact that he feels committed to one generation and I to another."

Pinning Hopes on the U.S.

Faisal, tall and dour, received the party in a chandeliered reception room of his palace at Riyadh. Instead of fielding questions, the King, in the tradition of Saudi Arabia's absolute monarchy, gave a *tour d'horizon*. Excerpts:

ON JERUSALEM: We would like to see the expeditious withdrawal of Israel from territory occupied in 1967 and the return to the Palestinians of their legitimate rights. When I say withdrawal, that, *ipso facto*, includes Jerusalem. In fact, Jerusalem tops the list. After this takes place it is automatic that Communism will have to recede, will have to die on the vine in the area. After this we shall see peace and tranquility.

ON ZIONISM: An intransigent attitude on the part of the Israeli government in the long run will prove not to have been in the interest of Israel and



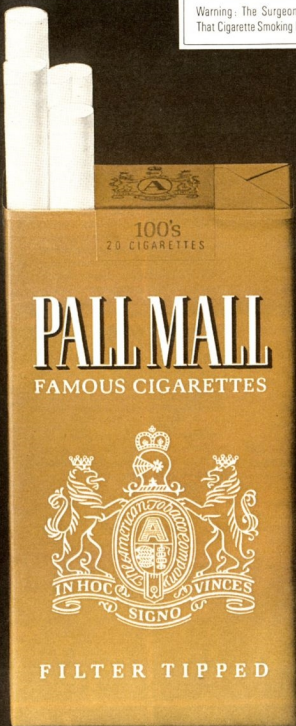
ALGERIA'S HOUARI BOUMEDIENNE

quantities of grain and meat to forestall hunger? The U.S. in the name of the industrialized world demands a guarantee of obtaining a stream of oil. All right. We also ask these countries not to strangle other countries with food problems. Oil is available; it is even in surplus. You are aware of this, President Ford is aware of this, Kissinger is aware. You are trying to limit consumption by imposing a duty on the import of oil. So I don't see how there could be a state of strangulation.

ON OIL EMBARGOES: If a war takes place, anything is possible. The important thing is to prevent war. But Arabs did not invent this boycott weapon. How many years have you employed a boycott against Cuba? I'm not an advocate for Castro, but you have imposed this weapon on a very small country. I am not saying that with a war an oil boycott would be inevitable.

ON KISSINGER'S PEACEMAKING: The U.S. role has to be more positive. Kissinger's policy is a step-by-step approach. This is his business, but we hope

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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Longer...
yet
milder

Pall Mall Gold 100's

18 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74.

Hawaii.

Where Americans get away from America.

This year you can go overseas without leaving the States. Hawaii is America's Bargain! Our hotel and tour rates are still among the lowest in the world. And you can fly from island to island for \$11 dollars a trip.

Come to Hawaii. Visit the colorful attractions and experience the whole Spirit of Aloha on each of our six enchanted islands.

Kauai. *The world was never greener than here.*

Slip down a lava slide into a fresh water stream. Or swim year round in the warm waters of a secluded cove. Hike an ancient trail on the rim of eternity or catch fish that taste great, even if you can't pronounce their names. Shop in a market where hula dancers undulate or stop at a roadside stand for fresh papaya. Play golf with waterfalls behind you and pearl white beaches ahead. Bird watch, plant watch, girl watch, throw away your watch.

Maui. *Past meets present midst the valleys.*

Hop aboard a restored sugar cane train for a ride between the Kaanapali resort beaches and historic Lahaina. Play golf with the Pacific Ocean for a water hazard and spouting whales for a gallery. Ride horseback some 10,000 feet in the air through Haleakala Crater. Browse through an open air whaling museum/shopping center/sight-seeing attraction. Or stroll through gardens at the base of majestic Lao Needle. Sip mai tais around the pool, dance all night or learn the words for a Hawaiian song from the man who composed it.

Oahu. *Capital of the floating cities of the Pacific.*

Honolulu, our largest town, can't make up its mind whether to be all

bright lights and action or languid Hawaii of old. So it's both. You can rent a surfboard, sailboat or glider. Ride a bicycle powered rickshaw, shop in one of the world's largest shopping centers or an old fashioned arcade. Buy local tasties from the back of a mobile delicatessen, golf in the steps of the pros or take hula lessons on the beach at Waikiki. Dine in Holiday Award winning restaurants where they serve sunset for dessert, or taste fresh picked pineapple out by the plantations. Learn to mix a Blue Hawaii and how to handle chopsticks. Visit an exquisite Buddhist Shrine or spend an evening with Don Ho and company.

Lanai. *The world's largest pineapple platter.*

Fly in or sail over from neighboring Maui for a different kind of day on any one of our secluded beaches. Rent skin diving gear or beachcomb on Shipwreck Beach for puka shells to make your own necklace. There's a small hotel inland with park camp grounds available for the rugged individualists. It's like a vacation from your vacation with all the pineapple you can eat.

Molokai. *Last chance for discovery.*

Frankly, not too many people come here, which may be why those who do, enjoy it so much. Whether you're shooting with rifle or camera, Molokai offers happy hunting grounds. Waterfalls upward of 4,000-feet are something to write home about and our 10-foot tall phallic rock is unabashedly inspirational. Cars, jeeps, mules and camping gear are all available for rent and two easy going hotels make for a pleasant stay.

Hawaii. *Home of Pele the Fire Goddess.*

The State of Hawaii has an island named Hawaii, but nicknamed the Big

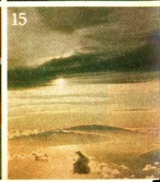
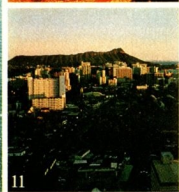
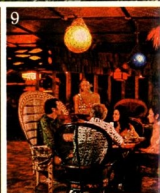
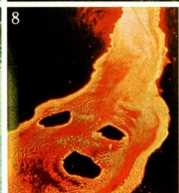
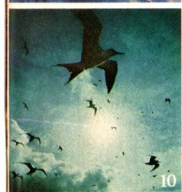
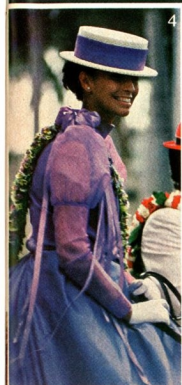
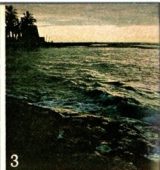
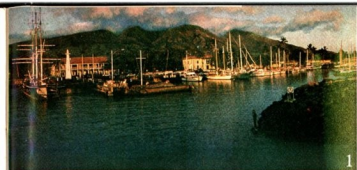
Island. You'll find active volcanoes and fields of orchids near Hilo town; cattle ranches and hunting near Kamuela; and the world's best marlin fishing off the Kona Coast. Stay in tropical bungalows or be pampered at oceanfront pleasure palaces. Shop for hand carved tikis or elegant muumuus. But give yourself enough time, after all it is the Big Island.

Yes, Hawaii still has the beach at Waikiki and a little grass shack in Kealahou. But now that you've read about a few of our other diversions, call your travel agent and ask about our \$11 interisland fare and inviting tour and hotel rates.

Then get away to Hawaii's version of America.

1. Rustic whaling port of Lahaina is much the same as in the 1800's.
2. Lush tropical forests and spectacular waterfalls remain unspoiled.
3. Lava crusted coastlines dotted with historical sites.
4. Colorful horseback riders add grace to island activities.
5. You can even ski down a snow-capped volcano.
6. Misty highlands offer cool contrast to palm fringed beaches.
7. Swim year round along hundreds of miles of shoreline with pearl white, green or black sand beaches.
8. Lava flows continue to change the face of the Big Island.
9. Polynesian surroundings to rival the cuisine.
10. Frigate birds soar with the tradewinds.
11. Sunset over Diamond Head turns Waikiki into a center of night life.
12. One of more than 37 golf courses around the islands.
13. Michelangelo goes Hawaiian.
14. The mirror of Hawaii's future.
15. The loveliest fleet of islands that lies anchored in any ocean.





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You can't create a luxury car by tacking on "luxury features." One of the things that makes the Volvo 164 truly elegant is a total absence of tackiness.



1 NO OPERA WINDOWS Tiny side windows are all the rage. But to Volvo, they're outrageous. The 164 has big windows that let you see out instead of little ones that keep outsiders from seeing in.



2 NO FANCY INTERIOR DECOR GROUP Volvo's bucket seats were designed by an orthopedic specialist, not an interior decorator. They adjust to your every inclination, even "soft" or "firm." The driver's seat is heated. And there's leather everywhere you sit.



3 NO 400 CUBIC INCH V-8 Volvo's 3-litre six has enough "go" for any well-balanced person. And enough economy—22 mpg on the highway.* Volvo's computerized fuel injection has electronic sensors that monitor speed, altitude and temperature to determine proper fuel mixture.

*U.S. Gov't. EPA figures, 9/74



4 NO FAKE WOOD VENEER Volvo covers its dashboard with instrumentation. A tachometer, trip mileage indicator and electric clock are standard. There's even a light that warns if an important light goes out.



5 NO STATUS HOOD ORNAMENT The Volvo driver doesn't require constant reassurance. Nor does he need to be reminded what car he's driving. Unlike other cars today, the 164 isn't a copy of anything.



6 NO DECALED-ON PIN STRIPING Volvo concentrates on what's under the paint. 8,000 spot welds fight rattles. The metal is magnetically charged to soak up rustproofing. There are two separate coats of undercoating.



7 NO LONG OPTIONS LIST Instead, the 164 provides a long standards list. Air conditioning, automatic transmission, power-assisted steering, power front windows, 4-wheel power disc brakes and steel belted radial whitewalls.



VOLVO

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for people who think.

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THE WORLD

the matter will not be frozen once more. There is something called the Palestine cause. It is part of the Arab world, and it cannot be ignored. It is part of any restoration of peace in the area.

ON U.S. MIDDLE EAST POLICY: The Arabs are not enemies of the U.S. or the American people. Does Israel have such strength that it can forbid Americans to ask Israel to withdraw from occupied Arab territory? We do not understand this policy. The problems of the U.S., the problems of Congress, are complex and intricate, but they are not the problems of the Arabs. We have an Israeli occupation. Is it legal or illegal? We should be talking the same language. A new withdrawal in the Sinai will not solve the problem, nor will a withdrawal in the Golan Heights and the West Bank.

It would be pointless to ask the U.S. to be hostile to Israel. But if you can reconcile your interests with those of the Arabs as well as Israel—a difficult equation—then peace will extend to the whole region. We ask you only to treat the Arabs as friends and put aside your big-stick policy. We are in contact with all parties, including the Palestinians. Our position is not rigid or extremist. We are not against moderation. We encouraged the efforts of Dr. Kissinger from the beginning, though it would have been possible for us to create problems. We tried to behave in the most responsible manner. We are a country that has had the experience of war. We lost a tenth of our population during the [independence] war. We tend to be more inclined toward peace than war. The real struggle is against underdevelopment, which prevails throughout the Arab world. Problems of ideology are secondary matters. We know that Saudi Arabia is friendly to the U.S.

ON U.S.-ALGERIAN RELATIONS: What, on the other hand, are the relations between the U.S. and Algeria? Very important interests are at stake, and it is possible that they may broaden with the speed of lightning.

You should have some new friends. You should not always have allies named Thieu or Lon Nol, friends to whom you have to send B-52s. You can gain friends of a new kind, if you wish, who will be of benefit to you while you are of benefit to them. There is no problem with our relations with the U.S. today. Second, Algeria, which is working rapidly, requires everything—equipment of all sorts in every field. Experts in great numbers, technology, studies—all these things we import. In spite of the increase in oil prices, we need loans. You have greater success in raising money from the Arabs than we do. I obtain credits from U.S. banks more easily than from Arab countries. All we wish is for a relation of friendship and true cooperation. It should be based on frankness and trust and the absence of any kind of complex, whether it be an inferiority complex—which might be ours—or a superiority complex.



U.S. ARMY STRIKE FORCES DURING DESERT-TRAINING EXERCISE IN GEORGIA

Excursion in the Persian Gulf

Arab leaders such as King Faisal of Saudi Arabia and Algerian President Houari Boumedienne quite naturally decry the idea of U.S. interposition in the Middle East because of oil. Just as naturally, U.S. strategists charged with providing responses to any conceivable politico-military situation are weighing alternatives for intervention in the event of a strangling oil embargo. Two such experts with access to the thinking of the Joint Chiefs of Staff have pieced together a composite of these alternatives and filtered it out to other analysts. The composite represents high-level rumination rather than a final, actual blueprint. But it is couched in considerable detail and shows a knowledge of up-to-date military tactics and a "roughneck's" expertise in oil production.

According to the composite, any move would concentrate on the Persian Gulf Arab states that pump 54% of the oil produced by the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries and control 40% of the world's proven oil reserves. The primary target would be Saudi Arabia, which has 56.5% of this oil. According to the plan, the Saudis would be overwhelmed by a U.S. air-sea strike force prepared to hurl four divisions of troops at the Ghawar well-head and the loading jetties of the U.S.-built oil facility at Dhahran.

The composite contingency plan assumes a cutoff in oil to the West because of another Middle East war, an Arab oil embargo and a White House command to the U.S. military to lift the embargo. At this order, two massive U.S. strike groups would get under way. One would move through the Strait of Malacca, across the Indian Ocean and into the Persian Gulf. It would include car-

riers whose jets would secure air control, and ships carrying at least a division of Marines (15,000 men). The second force would include two brigades of the 82nd Airborne Division (7,600 men) now stationed at Fort Bragg, N.C. They would fly to Hatserim Air Base, a closely guarded, little-known facility in Israel, and then await further orders. In using Hatserim as a staging base, Washington would be collecting IOUs that it has accumulated by funneling billions in military aid to Israel.

Since surprise would be impossible in such an operation, the U.S. would rely instead on muscle. A slow voyage up the Persian Gulf would at least give Arab nations a chance to reconsider the embargo and possibly lift it. If they failed to do so, the two-pronged force would strike.

Saudi Sabotage. First, several battalions of airborne troops would drop on Ghawar and Dhahran to prevent the Saudis from blowing up oil refineries, storage tanks and producing wells. After securing the Dhahran airstrip—built by the U.S. and thus familiar—they would wave in the rest of the division. A swarm of C-5As, C-141s and C-130s would unload not only back-up artillery and infantry but also engineers who would get the oilfields working again. Three days after the airborne assault, the Marine units would come ashore by helicopter and landing craft.

The contingency planning assumes a Saudi response, probably by sabotage. The most serious blows are anticipated not in the oilfields themselves but on the complicated loading docks on the Gulf. To overcome any destruction of facilities, U.S. engineers would arrive with piping and other equipment. Other guer-

THE WORLD

rilla activity, in a sandy area of high visibility for patrolling Phantom jets, is expected to be minimal and easily surmountable. The plan also assumes that the Soviet Union would offer no military opposition to the takeover, but might move its forces into neighboring Iraq in a show of force. The Soviets, in the view of the Joint Chiefs, have neither the desire nor, so far, the naval capability to oppose massive U.S. action in the Persian Gulf.

Within 90 days, the composite plan assumes, oil would once again be flowing westward from Dhahran.

IRAN

Meatball for the Shah

Awash in surplus oil profits, Iran is swiftly becoming the world's most acquisitive power. No purchase seems too big nor risk too great for Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi as he pursues his oft proclaimed goal of transforming his ancient kingdom into one of the globe's most important nations. Last week reports surfaced that the Shah once again was stalking where most bankers fear to tread. According to aviation-industry experts, Iran's banks are preparing to grant a loan, thought to be as much as \$250 million, to ailing Pan American World Airways, the *de facto* U.S. flagship air carrier. The loan could save Pan Am from a confrontation with creditors that might have ended in the airline's bankruptcy.

The Pan Am loan is only one in a growing number of bold business ventures by the Shah. Last year Iran bought a 25% chunk of the steel-producing division of West Germany's Krupp con-

cern for \$100 million, and Iranian banks participated in a \$200 million loan to the Grumman Corp. Last week the Shah also unveiled a grandiose \$5 billion project for the modernizing of Tehran, his capital.

The Shah's loan to Pan Am would come just in time. The airline lost an estimated \$75 million in 1974 and \$165 million in the five years before that. This year's prospects offer little cheer for the airline. Jet fuel costs are still at record highs, the recession is cutting into tourist travel, and payments are constantly coming due on the company's huge debt.

Last October the airline painfully negotiated a \$125 million revolving credit with a consortium of 36 U.S. banks. The credit expires this autumn, and it was widely expected that Pan Am would have trouble renewing it without some form of government guarantee or operating subsidy. But such federal underwriting would surely run into considerable resistance in Congress; Wisconsin's Democratic Senator William Proxmire has already voiced opposition to making Pan Am "the nation's largest welfare recipient." Pan Am's financial troubles have also impeded its search for a merger partner.

For all that, the Shah finds appealing a huge investment in the airline. The reason: in return for its massive loans, Iran could draw on Pan Am's technological and marketing skills to help fulfill the Shah's dream of making his Iran Air a major force in international transportation. In fact, Iran last week bought six Boeing jumbo jets from Trans World Airlines and plans to acquire three Anglo-French supersonic Concorde's. As a sweetener for granting the loan, Iran would also get a chance to buy the controlling interest that it has been seeking in Pan Am's profitable Intercontinental Hotel chain.

Worldwide Prestige. Most of all, perhaps, the Shah is attracted to Pan Am by the worldwide prestige he will enjoy from his association with the airline. In many nations, the "blue meatball"—as airline executives refer to Pan Am's familiar globelike insignia—is regarded as a symbol of American technology and economic power.

For that very reason, Washington may be unhappy about Pan Am's forging such a close association with foreigners. Still, most observers feel that neither the White House nor the Civil Aeronautics Board will block the deal. This could change if Iran decides to seek some equity in the firm; in any event, it cannot be more than 25%—the limit set by law on foreign ownership of U.S. airlines. In some ways Washington may be secretly delighted with the Shah's offer of cash. Because of it, American bankers will probably renew their lines of credit to Pan Am when they come due; without the Shah's money, the likely alternative to a Pan Am bankruptcy would have been a hefty \$10 million-per-month Government subsidy.



DEMOCRAT PARTY'S SENI PRAMOJ

THAILAND

Cause for (Some) Cheer

Through coconut groves and brown, fallow rice fields, along muddy canals and traffic-clogged boulevards, millions of Thais made their way to tin-roofed voting pavilions last week in the country's first genuinely free election. If the 40% turnout was disappointing, there was still cause for cheer that the balloting went off as smoothly as it did.

In the south, where 239 people lost their lives last month in the severest floods in memory, voters took to boats of every kind to get to the polls. In the remote northern provinces, villagers could be seen inching across the hills on elephants to cast their ballots. Along a canal near the Burmese border, a tiger leaped into a boatload of nine voters, seriously mauling one person before fleeing into the jungle. It was later hunted down by police.

Shaky Coolition. Aside from such scattered incidents, the election—like the campaign—was remarkably trouble-free. That may not be the case for the next government. The voters failed to give anything remotely resembling a majority to any of the 42 parties that fielded 2,191 candidates for the 269-member National Assembly. One Bangkok newspaper headlined: **CONFUSION!**

The next government will certainly be a coalition, and a shaky one at that. Although 20 parties failed to win any seats at all, the top ten picked up 243. But the seats were distributed in such a way that it will require a minimum of four parties to form even a slim majority. The middle-of-the-road Democrat Party, which headed the opposition to Thailand's military rule for three decades, led with 72 seats. Party Leader Seni Pramoj, while conceding that he

INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL IN BEIRUT





Back then, I was a kid in love, making a big promise for the future. Well, it's our eighth anniversary, and through those years I've grown into a man with feelings no kid could ever have known. And because of that, this is for you.

It's called an eternity ring, and it's a promise for the future, just like your wedding band was. Only this time it's a promise I can make without crossing my fingers for good luck.

A diamond eternity ring.



Your jeweler can show you diamond eternity rings starting at \$100.

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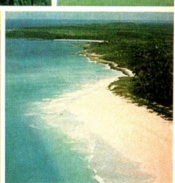
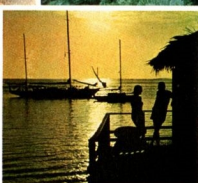
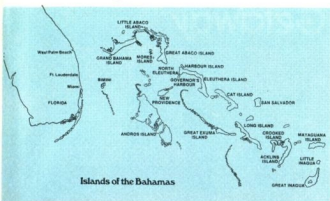
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from Time Incorporated.
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WE'RE IN
THE PEOPLE  BUSINESS

Join a going concern. Call your YMCA today.

Why anyone would want to fly beyond us is beyond us.



Even if the Bahama Islands weren't less expensive to get to than most other islands, they'd still be better value.

Because we have more islands and cays here in the Bahamas than most other islands have beaches.

700 beauties, from Nassau/Paradise Island and Freeport/Lucaya to a whole family of Out Islands. So whatever your mood we can match it: with secluded beaches and water sports, lively towns and quaint villages, shopping bazaars, and island food like you've never tasted.

The Bahamas is good value all year round. Thanks to the Gulf Stream, our warm even climate and clear blue water don't change as the seasons do.

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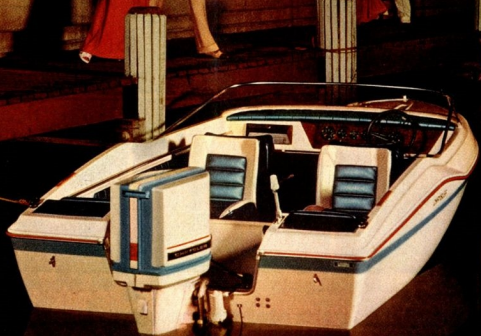
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"was heading straight for trouble," immediately announced that he would try to form a coalition with three or four other moderate and rightist parties. A likely coalition member is the right-wing Thai Nation Party, headed by Pramarn Adireksarn, 60, a retired major general and a prominent businessman. Late last week Seni said that he had gained 119 seats with the help of other parties, enough to form a minority government. Pramarn is considered the front runner to become Deputy Prime Minister.

Seni, 69, will have to cope with an inflation rate of 30%, land and labor reforms, and a cumbersome bureaucracy. A political moderate who served as ambassador to the U.S. during World War II and was Prime Minister once before for a brief period in 1945, he is a strong monarchist and a distant cousin of the King.

He has the backing of both conservative business interests and the National Student Center of Thailand, a potent political pressure group since the student-led rebellion that ousted Field Marshal Thanom Kittikachorn's military dictatorship in 1973. In foreign policy, he is expected to maintain close ties with the U.S. while developing better relations with China and the countries of the Third World.

Many Thais still fear that the military might try to move in should the new government prove hopelessly unstable and unable to govern. The key to the crucial months ahead may then conceivably lie with Thailand's popular young monarch, King Bhumibol Adulyadej, 47, who could intervene and appoint a new civilian government, as he did during the critical days of the 1973 upheaval. Although Bhumibol has always remained carefully aloof from politics, he is the one figure who is respected by all political factions, from students and merchants to military men and peasants.

Royal Fatigues. The very model of a working King, he is governed by one overriding ambition: to bring his backward country into the modern world. On a recent visit, TIME Correspondent Peter Range found him decked out in combat boots and fatigues, a walkie-talkie slung over each shoulder, inspecting an experimental crop-substitution program among a Lahu hill tribe in northern Thailand.

"The constitution is not so important," he says. "It depends on what the government does for the people." The record has not been very encouraging since Thailand abolished its absolute monarchy in 1932: ten constitutions, eleven *coups d'état*, dozens of plots and intrigues by political and military upstarts. But Bhumibol is optimistic. So is Narong Ketudat, editor and publisher of the left-wing daily *Pra-chathipat*, who said after last week's election: "You have to begin somewhere—it's a start." Not too bad a start either.

BANGLADESH

The Second Revolution

"All we want is our daily rice and lentils," said a Dacca shopkeeper. "If we get enough at a price we can afford, we don't care what system is used to govern us." That was a widely shared feeling throughout Bangladesh last week as Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, who led the country to independence from Pakistan in 1971, assumed sweeping presidential powers. Under a new constitutional amendment the parliamentary system was abolished and Bangladesh embarked on what Mujib grandly described as "a second revolution."

It was less a revolution than a desperate effort by Mujib to end the corruption, bureaucratic malfeasance and political violence that plague his coun-

single "national party," thus shutting off any political opposition.

In seeking greater power, Mujib was plainly concerned that foreign aid, on which Bangladesh is heavily dependent, would be sharply cut if what he described as the "chaotic situation" continued to prevail. "How long will friends continue to give us food and assistance?" he asked in an emotional address explaining the change. "We must have population control. We must discipline ourselves. I do not want to lead a nation of beggars."

For the time being, Mujib has retained his entire Cabinet. Most observers believe that he did so primarily for the sake of continuity and that major changes will come later. His toughest action is expected to be aimed at profiteers and hoarders, who have interfered with the flow of relief supplies from abroad. An estimated 30,000 people died of starvation after floods destroyed much of last year's rice and jute crops. The death toll could go much higher if this year's crops should also be ruined. Inflation is virtually out of control; rice has more than doubled in price in the past year (from 20¢ per lb. to 50¢). Law-and-order is also a serious problem. Since independence, there have been at least 6,000 political murders.

Obviously, with so much power vested in a single man, the country could drift into dictatorship. Mujib pledged last week that he would preserve democratic rights, and not many can imagine him in the role of a tyrannical despot. Still, more than a few people in Bangladesh may well feel that a small dose of authoritarianism would be preferable to the complete collapse of their young country.



PRESIDENT SHEIKH MUJIBUR RAHMAN

"I don't want a nation of beggars."

try. A parliamentary committee began drafting the amendment last July. Late last month, after the amendment had been debated exhaustively—and secretly—in committee, Mujib decided to put the changes into effect. An obedient Parliament—305 of whose 312 members belong to Mujib's Awami League party—swiftly and unanimously approved the switch to presidential rule.

Under the new system, executive powers are vested in the President, who will be elected directly every five years, and in a Council of Ministers appointed by him. Although an elected Parliament can pass legislation, the President has veto power and can dissolve Parliament indefinitely. Parliament may remove the President, however, by a three-fourths vote "for violating the constitution or grave misconduct" as well as for physical or mental incapacity. The amendment also empowers Mujib to set up a

CHINA

Rising Stars

If China watchers had any lingering doubts about the identity of Peking's rising stars, last week's events should have completely dispelled them. Teng Hsiao-ping, 70, already a party vice chairman and the government's first Vice Premier, was given the powerful, long-vacant post of Chief of Staff of the army. Chang Chun-chiao, 64, a Vice Premier, became the army's political commissar, a post once held by none other than Mao Tse-tung.

With the new appointments, China took another giant step toward consolidating the governmental and military leadership that was almost completely decimated by the Cultural Revolution and the struggles for power that followed it. There had been no Chief of Staff since 1971 and no political commissar since 1973. Now, with Teng and Chang taking up army responsibilities—joining Yeh Chien-ying, who was named Defense Minister at the National People's Congress last month—the command

THE WORLD

structure of China's 2.5 million-man army is virtually complete.

Significantly, Chang is a civilian; so is Teng, though he is a former member of Peking's National Defense Council and a political commissar who is highly respected by most army commanders. Their elevation to top army posts symbolizes Peking's ongoing effort to reassert firm civilian control over a professional military. The appointments also had political meaning. Just two years ago, Teng was still in disgrace, a victim of the Cultural Revolution's excesses; now, highly placed in all three of China's most powerful institutions, the party, the government and the army, he is seen as the eventual successor to Premier Chou En-lai. As for Chang, many China watchers are beginning to regard him as the long-range favorite to succeed the 81-year-old Mao.



JACK IN 1945

ZOYA IN 1942

SOVIET UNION

The Admiral's Lady

In early 1945 a famous Russian film star and a dashing American naval officer met at a Soviet-American friendship party in Moscow given by then Foreign Minister Vyacheslav Molotov. Zoya Fyodorova, 33, was at the peak of her career; she had starred in a dozen roles and had received an offer from MGM. Captain Jackson Tate, 47, had been assigned to Moscow to help the Russians in an abortive plan for the Soviet bombing of Japan. In the brief glow of Allied wartime collaboration, Zoya and Jack fell in love. Their last meeting was on V-E day 1945, when they hoped a child was conceived. If that proved to be so, the couple vowed to name the baby Victor or Victoria in honor of the Allied triumph. "It was a beautiful story," recalled Zoya in Moscow, "a romantic, tragic love story." But as that story unfolded last week, it echoed Alexander Solzhenitsyn's account of Stalinist terror. The *Gulag Archipelago*, in which Zoya is mentioned.

At several unauthorized meetings with Western newsmen, Zoya, now 63, and her beautiful daughter Victoria, 29, disclosed the details. Five months after

Zoya's affair with Jack had begun, the actress was suddenly sent on a road tour, and Jack was declared *persona non grata* by the Soviets. He was put aboard a plane for Washington the same day. Zoya learned later that he had vainly sent her a series of desperate letters. A few years later, he received an anonymous note from Russia, probably inspired by the secret police, that said: "Stop annoying our famous actress. She has married a composer and already has two children."

Obliterated Name. In fact, Zoya never married. After Victoria's birth, she was arrested and subsequently sentenced to 25 years for espionage because of her relationship with the American officer. Her baby girl was sent to live with an aunt in remote Kazakhstan in Central Asia. Although Zoya now declines to dwell on her ordeal, she is well remembered by another ex-inmate of Stalin's prisons and camps, Alexander Dolgun, who now lives in Maryland. A former U.S. embassy clerk who was kidnapped by the Soviet secret police in 1948 and freed only in 1956, Dolgun spent years in the same vast concentration camp as Zoya. "She ended up in Dzhuzkagan, a hard-labor camp for political prisoners in Central Asia," Dolgun told TIME last week. "The women did the same killing work as the men, on heavy construction jobs and in the

er as "perfect in a difficult part." Divorced from her scriptwriter husband, she lives with her mother in a two-bedroom apartment in a fashionable Moscow neighborhood.

Jack Tate, who returned to the U.S. and married, was unaware of Zoya's fate and of the existence of his daughter until 1963. An American guide at a 1959 U.S. exhibit in Moscow had met Zoya and heard her story, and after a four-year search for Tate finally located him. His letters to Zoya were returned by the Soviet post office until 1973, when one was delivered to her by hand. Since then Tate, a retired rear admiral living in Orange Park, Fla., has been corresponding with his lost family. In a recent letter to Zoya he wrote, "I loved you then, and I still love you. We have done no harm to anyone, only loved each other. Why should we be the subject of malice from a powerful political organization or government? And certainly there can be no onus on Victoria, the innocent child of our union." Since Tate, now 77, underwent open-heart surgery in 1973, father and daughter have been determined to meet. "My life is far behind me," he wrote to Victoria, "and the road ahead is short." When he recovered he sent her an invitation to visit him in Florida.

In Moscow, Victoria's request for a three-month exit permit to visit Tate met with stony silence from the Soviet



ZOYA & VICTORIA FYODOROVA IN MOSCOW LAST WEEK

A romantic, tragic love story, but with chilling echoes.

TATE IN 1975

copper mines. The prisoners all knew Zoya's movies, and it was a shock when we heard that she had tried to hang herself with a stocking."

When conditions in the camp improved after Stalin's death in 1953, Dolgun added, many of Zoya's films, like the ultra-patriotic *Boyevoe Podrugi* (Comrades at Arms), were shown to the prisoners. But Zoya's name was obliterated from the credits. In 1955 Zoya was released and reunited with her daughter. Since then Zoya has returned to films as a character actress, and Victoria has become a famous movie actress herself. She has been featured in 17 major films, and starred as a deaf-mute in *A Ballad of Love*. When *Ballad* was released in the U.S. in 1966, Victoria was acclaimed by one review-

visa office and disapproval from the secret police. Hoping that publicity would jog the authorities, Victoria turned to the Western press. She told reporters that she fears her career is in jeopardy. Although she was the cover girl of *Soviet Screen* last March, her picture has been removed from the official Soviet film-export office in Moscow, and her bosses have grown markedly cool.

Beautiful Compliment. Sitting beside his tolerant and understanding wife Hazel last week, Tate said, "I think it is just beautiful and the greatest compliment ever that a young woman, with all the things she has, will take the chance of coming to see an old man at the end of his career. And she knows the risk; her mother spent eight years in the mines."



TRIBAL DANCERS (LEFT) & KILLED UGANDAN SOLDIERS AT KAMPALA CEREMONY CELEBRATING FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF AMIN'S TAKEOVER

UGANDA

Murderous Anarchy

"God is on my side," declared Uganda's dictator, General Idi Amin Dada, on the eve of a gigantic celebration to mark the fourth anniversary of the *coup d'état* that had brought him to power. He added: "Even the most powerful witchcraft cannot hurt me." It is growing more and more difficult to gainsay Big Daddy. There have been at least a dozen known attempts to overthrow him, six in 1974 alone. But the burly Amin has somehow survived.

The three-hour anniversary ceremony at Kampala's Nakivubo football stadium held late last month was as bizarre and ludicrous as its sponsor. Along with the traditional drums and dancers, the center of attention was Amin's "Black Watch," a motley assortment of Ugandan soldiers in Royal Stuart tartan kilts, tunics, diced giegleries and plastic sporrans decorated with pied cor feathers. A dozen Africans puffed *Scotland the Brave* on bagpipes—a measure of Amin's admiration for the Scots, which dates back to his days in the British army.

Despite the crowd's roaring approval of the festivities, Uganda today is a land of terror and discontent. During Big Daddy's four-year reign, at least 50,000 Ugandans—and perhaps four or five times that number—have been murdered. Amin's own brother-in-law, Wamwe Kibedi, quit as Foreign Minister last year in disgust. Kibedi's glamorous replacement, Princess Elizabeth Bagaya, a former high-fashion model, was sacked two months ago on the trumped-up charge that she had made love to a white man in a rest room at Paris' Orly Airport. Last week Amin ordered Uganda's newspapers to publish an old photograph of her in the nude to prove, Amin said, that "she has plunged into an abyss of immorality." A fortnight ago,

Finance Minister Emmanuel Wakhweya fled to London, explaining: "To live in Uganda today is hell."

That is certainly true. Inflation is running at 85% per year, the currency is practically worthless, and many staples are almost unobtainable. Ugandans do not complain lest they receive a visit from Amin's public safety unit, a corps of goons in dark glasses who, as a Ugandan exile put it, "specialize in making people disappear—permanently." For those who disappear only temporarily, there is the prospect of torture: Kampala abounds with tales of prisoners who have been buried to their necks in cesspools, forced to beat comrades to death or compelled to engage in cannibalism. Shopkeepers accused of price-gouging face execution by firing squad.

Insane Leader. While his country languishes, Amin loses no opportunity to nail down his reputation as the world's most unstable—if not downright insane—leader, publicly lecturing world leaders on their shortcomings and quarreling with neighboring African states. Two weeks ago he let it be known that he planned to make a state visit to Britain this summer, where he hopes—inexplicably—to meet with some of the 50,000 Asians whom, as he delicately put it, "I booted out" in 1972. Unsurprisingly, a Foreign Office spokesman said that such a visit was "unlikely."

Can Big Daddy last much longer? He travels only under heavy guard, mostly of trusted mercenaries from Sudan and Zaïre. Moreover, given the murderous anarchy that exists in Uganda today, there is—and can be—no immediately obvious heir. With Amin slated to become president of the 42-member Organization of African Unity in June, his neighbors are growing fidgety at the prospect. At least five African heads of state have quietly let it be known that they would support a coup against Amin, and at least three others that they are not at all opposed to the idea.

THE HEMISPHERE

Halt in the Dialogue

Scarcely a year ago, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger proclaimed the beginning of a "new dialogue" between the U.S. and Latin America. By last week, however, the dialogue had stuttered to an awkward halt.

The immediate cause was the new U.S. Foreign Trade Act. The act eliminates tariffs on about \$750 million worth of Latin American goods, but excludes members of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries from these benefits. OPEC members Venezuela and Ecuador are directly affected, though neither supported the Arab-led oil embargo of 1973-74.

Diktat Diplomacy. To many Latin Americans, the slap at Venezuela and Ecuador smacked of old-style U.S. diplomacy by *diktat*—no consultation, no negotiation. Twenty of the 24 members of the Organization of American States blasted the trade act as "discriminatory and coercive." Last week Argentine Foreign Minister Alberto Vignes announced that his country was postponing "indefinitely" the March meeting of OAS foreign ministers. Vignes was partly motivated by a reluctance to host a conference whose outcome—on the question of regularizing relations between the hemisphere and Fidel Castro's Cuba—was likely to fail. But the trade act gave him a handy excuse.

Kissinger denounced the cancellation of the meeting and pointed out, quite accurately, that the Administration had opposed the clause concerning OPEC members from the first but was overridden by Congress. Then the Administration persuaded Senator Lloyd Bentsen of Texas to introduce an amendment to the act that would grant nondiscriminatory trade treatment to those oil exporters that had not participated in last year's oil embargo.



BARBER MILTON PITTS WITH LOOK-ALIKE NELSON ROCKEFELLER

President Ford has not yet caught himself saying to his Vice President, "Short on the back and sides, please, and easy on the bear's grease." And White House Barber Milton Pitts has not yet greeted his customer with "Hiya, fella!" Both could happen though. Pitts is a dead ringer for Nelson Rockefeller, who recently paid a visit to Pitts' shop to exchange pleasantries. "He looks exactly like me but he's better looking," agreed Rocky. Milton concentrated on planning a different crown for his potential new customer. "He needs to have completely different shaping on top. I want it a little shorter on top, a little fuller on the sides, a little lower in the back." He concluded confidently: "I can improve the Vice President's hair a lot."

Representative Wilbur Mills, 65, was out of the hospital and convalescing at his Arlington, Va., apartment last week, an apparently lonely man. Annabella Battistella, 38, alias Fanne Foxe, was in Connecticut meeting with Author Robin Moore (*The Green Berets*, *The Happy Hooker*), who may write an authorized biography of the Washington Tidal Basin Bombshell. "There is some pressure," said Moore, "as apparently Gore Vidal is writing an unauthorized biography," a statement denied by Vidal's publisher. In his preliminary research, Moore has been impressed by the devotion of Wilbur and Anna to each other. "She really does love him, and she wants to marry him." As for Mills: "God, I've never heard a man on the phone go on like that. He said, 'Anything that's good for Anna is good; I'll do anything to help her.'" Mills did not specify details because, he told Moore, "I can't make any mental decisions for three weeks."

Meanwhile, Anna is trying to figure out how to pursue her faltering show business career. Said Moore: "She's going to stay away a little from stripping."

Trifles such as a deep freezer and a vicuña coat tainted the Truman and Eisenhower Administrations with charges of petty graft. So when one of President Nixon's speechwriters, William Safire, had an article accepted by the *New York Times*, he was advised by the President's counsel, John Dean, not to accept the \$150 payment, as it might be construed as a conflict of interest. In his new book about the Nixon Administration, *Before the Fall*, a deadpan Safire—now a *Times* columnist—recalls his feeling at the time. "That was a good idea, I thought: it was good that we had men like Dean around to make sure nobody did anything criticizable."

"Is it possible?" wailed a disbelieving fan at the news last week. Paul Newman was 50 years old. Looking hardly a day over 40, he breezed through celebrations that included a family lunch in Connecticut at which he was presented with a wicker wheelchair packed with presents. Then Wife Joanne Woodward, 44, gave a party for him in Manhattan. Neil Sedaka sang *The Most Beautiful Man in the World* and *Them There Eyes*. Paul camped it up too, declaring:



SARAH MILES SMILES IN SPAIN



PAUL NEWMAN AT 50 WITH ROBERT REDFORD

"I've had only two experiences during my 50 years," he said. "One with Joanne, the other with Redford." And he presented Robert Redford, his co-star in *The Sting*, with a belated Christmas present—a paperweight that featured a pair of bright blue eyes (just like Paul's) that open and wink when placed under a light, inscribed "Forget Me Not."

Sarah Miles is clearly starring in a movie all her own that could be called *Young, Bad and Dangerous*. Arriving in Madrid recently to start filming *Peptita Jiménez*, she quickly alienated the na-

tion. She announced that not only had she never read this famous and popular Andalusian novel about a beautiful widow who entices a young seminarian to the wrong side of the altar; but, she said, she had no intention of doing so now. Then she banned the Spanish language from the set: a clause in her contract stipulated that everyone connected with her in the movie speak English. When a lavish bash was held for her in a swank Madrid nightclub, Sarah showed up hours late wearing a white woolly hat. After the Spanish press had denounced her behavior, Sarah denied any malice aforethought. "I love Spain," she said tearfully. "Why is the world trying to make a monster woman out of me?"

"I'm not a drug fiend, I'm not a drunkard, but I am the laziest man I ever met," joked **Artur Rubinstein** just a few days before he gave a marathon concert that included two piano concertos. On his 88th birthday, the last of the great romantics on or off the keyboard celebrated with his children and grandchildren and also gave an elfish performance for some 40 friends gathered to toast him in Manhattan. RCA presented him with a chocolate piano with 88 keys. Purring at the adulation, and twinkling much the way he must have in Paris when he was interrupted during Chopin's *Nocturne in D* by Countess Zamoyska, who sudden-

ly kissed him passionately on the lips, Rubinstein added: "Since 80, I've had the feeling I've been doing nothing but giving encores, and encores have always been the happiest time for me."

The airlines will be pleased to know that **Jean Paul Getty**, 82, has overcome his fear of flying. Ever since 1942, when the billionaire was traveling by air between Chicago and Tulsa and his plane ran into a tornado, he has been scared. "It was the most frightening thing that ever happened to me," he confided last week to the London *Daily Mail*, adding that the pilot had not seen such weather in 26 years. Since then Getty has had to rely on such humdrum transport as yachts, private railroad cars and limousines. But safety can be monotonous, and when Getty decided to move permanently from England to his Malibu, Calif., estate this spring, he took his life in his hands. "I will go on a jumbo," he said with bravado, "and I shall probably treat myself to a first-class ticket," which should not dent his fortune, once estimated as \$1.5 billion. The usually secretive Getty was surprisingly carefree: "I don't intend to take any pills and I don't drink much—just a glass of wine. Alcohol was never one of my problems."

People should talk more in sexual relationships, opined **Masters and Johnson** in their new book, *The Pleasure Bond*. But not about politics, it turns out. Last week Dr. William Masters, 59, and his wife Virginia Johnson, 49, were interviewed on the CBS program *Magazine*, and inadvertently revealed an intriguing lacuna in their relationship.

After 18 years as colleagues and four as husband and wife, Masters and Johnson have never confided to each other their party registration. On learning that Johnson was a Republican, Masters grew quite excited. "Oh, I didn't know that," he said. The discovery yielded no fresh field of research, however. Dr. Masters is also a Republican.

Some actresses wait years for a break, so it does seem unfair that without so much as a screen test, **Queen Elizabeth** has landed a movie role. *Hennessy* is a thriller about an I.R.A.-style assassin out to kill the Queen as she opens Parliament. Newsreel shots of Elizabeth performing this annual chore have been spliced with scenes of Killer **Rod Steiger** stalking her. Those who have seen the rushes rate the Queen as boffo, although her emotional range is by necessity limited. Many Britons object that her appearance might spur a real attempt on her life, but one of Elizabeth's co-stars, **Trevor Howard**, dismissed the fuss: "I wouldn't be disloyal enough to take part in a film that actually made the Queen a target."

Does she or doesn't she? And if **Nancy Kissinger** does, why doesn't **Henry** like it? Last week Nancy was spotted round Washington, her customary blonde hair dyed a becoming dark brown. "I tried streaks, didn't like them and had it all covered with a five-week rinse," she explained. Henry declined to say whether he preferred his wife blonde or brunette, aware that domestic hostilities can wreck the most carefully wrought foreign policy. Advisories, if not notes, must have been exchanged, however, because Nancy told one admirer, "He hates it. Let's hope it washes out."



ARTUR RUBINSTEIN WITH WIFE & GRANDDAUGHTER



NANCY KISSINGER AS A BLONDE & WITH NEW BRUNETTE RINSE



Texas, Florida, Here They Come!

To the Editors:

It is 8°, my thermostat is set at 62°, and my monthly oil delivery was over \$80. Now the President wants an additional tax on our heating oil, which also generates our electricity. Perhaps the answer is to move south. Are California, Texas, Florida, etc., ready to absorb all of us New Englanders?

Carol Butzow
Brewer, Me.

With Gerald Ford's proposals for increased taxes on oil, the good old six New England states are getting the boot again.

Maybe it is time for us New Englanders to unite again and break away from Jerry Ford and his United States. What a way to celebrate our 200th birthday.

David R. Elms
Keene, N.H.

Why not have a rationing system that would allow the purchase of a specified amount of gasoline at near present prices with the option to buy more gasoline at higher prices? The extra money from that premium-priced gasoline could be well used in the development of alternative energy sources and public transportation.

Michael L. Hart
Evanston, Ill.

The call for gas rationing in peacetime is the most moronic proposal I have ever heard.

Increasing the cost of gasoline will reduce consumption and hurt financially, but at least Americans will be able to get gasoline, if necessary.

The Democrats would remove that ability and create a huge and costly federal bureaucracy. Furthermore, gasoline rationing would exacerbate our recession. Americans would not buy new cars, and their ability to get to retail outlets to make economy-stimulating purchases would be sharply curtailed.

Gas rationing is a simplistic idea which attacks the effect, not the cause.

Stephen J. Lehrman
Spring Valley, N.Y.

The President and his associates seem genuinely to feel that there is something dangerously socialistic about gasoline rationing. The best answer, as they see it, is to permit the raising of prices until a balance is reached between supply and demand. But their thinking

omits one major factor. In a period of shortages and spiraling prices, petroleum products are most likely to go, not to those who most need them, but to those who can pay the most to get them.

As President Roosevelt's price and rationing administrator during World War II, and later as President Truman's director of economic stabilization, my most complex task was to work out a rationing system, including all petroleum products, that would assure a fair distribution to the consumer, wholesaler and producer.

Our gasoline and fuel rationing program, like other rationing programs during the war, was handled by 5,400 local rationing boards manned by some 750,000 unpaid volunteers. It was not faraway bureaucrats, but more often your neighbors and friends who, according to rules set down by Washington, made the final decisions on allotments based on individual needs and the importance of the applicants' work to the war effort.

Opinion polls taken during the war period indicated that three-fourths of the public consistently supported the petroleum rationing program and felt that it was effectively and honestly handled. It is particularly reassuring—and says something for the fairness and success of the wartime effort—that recent polls have indicated that a sizable majority of the American people favor rationing over the dangerously inflationary approach that is being proposed today.

Chester Bowles
Essex, Conn.

Trade: Plain Baloney

It is stupid to waste tears over the rejection by the Soviets of the trade bill granting them most-favored-nation status on the condition that they permit some of their oppressed people to emigrate [Jan. 27].

It is totally proper that we employ our economic clout rather than the lives of our young men for humanitarian purposes and the freedom of others whenever and wherever we can. To acquiesce in the Soviets' position that this is unjustified as an unwarranted interference in their domestic affairs would be like justifying the continuance of business with Hitler while being aware of his murder camps for fear of being criticized for interfering with Germany's

domestic affairs. This is plain baloney.

It should be obvious now to the most naive: if and when it is advantageous to the Soviets to promote détente and/or have other agreements with us, then and only then will they do so.

We are our brothers' keepers ... or damn well should be.

Stanley J. Elias
Trenton, Mich.

Class of '75

The reorganization drama in Congress [Feb. 3] showed that the House must become more representative in its own structures if it is going to respond to national concerns, and that the "mandate" from the election has been parlayed into a workable legislative force.

There were 75 of us—new Democrats elected last year—and we were well aware that we represented a post-Watergate expression of public will. We carried this with us to the party organizational caucus last December.

It was clear that we had the numbers to help change things then, and we did. Most of us continued to communicate as a group until we returned to Washington last month. We had an identity. The mere fact that committee chairmen presented themselves before us was a sign that the seniority system, party loyalty notwithstanding, could no longer prevent accountability.

Why, in the House, of all places, should leadership be unrepresentative simply because of seniority?

We are working within the House structure to make certain the mandate from last year can do more than just change the shape of the House. We want immediate, solid legislative programs.

Helen Meyer, U.S. Representative,
13th District, New Jersey
Washington, D.C.

To the Manor Born?

Now that a private house is becoming out of reach for the average American family, Happy Rockefeller's description of the 21-room vice-presidential residence as "a nice little house" comes off as one of the least sensitive comments since Marie Antoinette's "Let them eat cake." I personally consider our new six-room house a mansion and only wish we could pay the same proportion of our income in taxes that the Rockefellers do so that we might finish the interior this year.

Barbara van Achterberg
Easton, Conn.


Leapin' Johnson Lizards

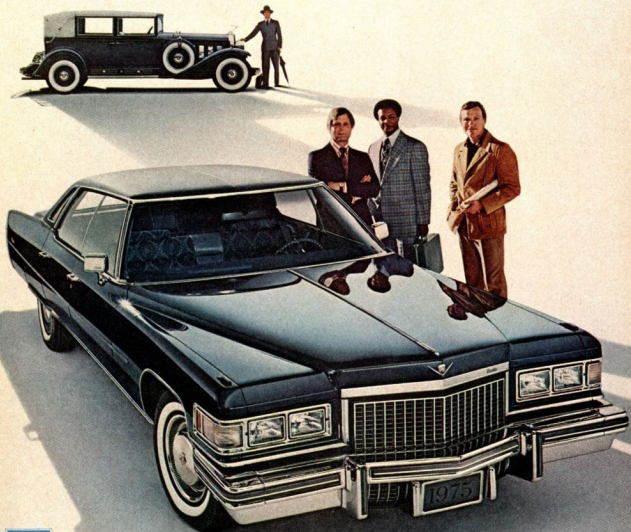
Re CIA "Revelations and Resignations" [Jan. 13]: Wow! For security reasons, in '62 during the Kennedy Admin-



A Cadillac is no stranger to hard work.


The operating efficiency of a Cadillac makes as much sense today as it did for the businessman in the days of the 1933 five-passenger Cadillac Phaeton. Perhaps even more. And in these times, it's good to know that Cadillac for 1975 offers improved efficiency that results in reduced overall operating costs. Plus Cadillac resale . . . traditionally one of the highest of all U.S. cars. It's all part of Total Cadillac Value. And that goes with you wherever your business takes you. Cadillac. Then and Now . . . an American Standard for the World.

Cadillac  '75



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Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine—
100's: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. 74

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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Marlboro Reds or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.



Shown below: 1930 Cadillac Series 353 Fleet Roadster



Among cars, there are
many famous eights.
Among bourbons,
there is one.

8-YEAR-OLD
WALKER'S
DELUXE



istration a Domestic Operations Division (DOD) was set up in the CIA! Holy Democrat! And—wiretaps in the '60s! Leapin' Johnson lizards! Not only Watergates, but also Demogates!

Will Bartlett
Dover-Foxcroft, Me.

The information on citizens in the CIA and FBI dossiers [Feb. 3] gives these agencies power over Americans. At the same time, the secrecy with which these agencies operate denies citizens information, and therefore power, over them. In the case of the CIA, even its budget is secret. The Constitution's requirement that "a legal statement and account of the receipts and expenditures of all public money shall be published from time to time" has simply been disregarded.

We need two reforms. We need an end to all political dossier building by the FBI, the CIA and all other government agencies. We also need full information on what our agencies of government are doing.

A government with information about us that denies us information about it turns the very idea of a democracy upside down.

Aryeh Neier, Executive Director
American Civil Liberties Union
New York City

A Package Deal

I'm a dues-paying member of the American Civil Liberties Union. I believe that freedom of speech is a basic human right and one that must be most highly prized when its exercise is most offensive, as it was to some of the students at Yale last year [Feb. 3].

Anatole France once said, "All Frenchmen are free, free to sleep under the bridge of their choice." His point was that human beings have many rights—the right to eat, to be adequately clothed and sheltered—and that these rights constitute, as it were, a package deal. Liberty simply cannot be separated from equality and fraternity.

Yet most American universities today extol civil liberties as a separate virtue, divorced from social justice (see the C. Vann Woodward report just issued at Yale). In so doing they betray the high purpose that Thomas Jefferson had in mind when in 1779 he outlined his plans for the University of Virginia. The university was to exercise an independent criticism of those forces of church or state that "fear every change as endangering the comforts they now hold." The university was to "unmask their usurpation and monopolies of honors, wealth and power."

I think Jefferson saw free speech as a means to many ends, rather than an end in itself. With him, I still feel that the primary role of the university is the public examination of the moral and spiritual quality of life. But alas, most universities, like churches, are citadels of caution.

So I shall continue to pay my dues to the American Civil Liberties Union and hope that more professors will see that civil liberties are wed to social justice as wisdom is wed to compassion.

William Sloane Coffin Jr.
Chaplain, Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Gag Jane

So Jane Alpert has dropped bombing and is into women's lib [Jan. 27]. What greater "recommendation" could we ask for the women's liberation movement and the Equal Rights Amendment? Couldn't somebody have put a gag in her mouth, at least until the ERA is passed?

Roberta Wilson
Los Angeles

The Pinch of Friendship

After reading your article on Genevieve Waite, myself and *Man on the Moon*, I must say I was amazed at your publication trying to create a pseudo feud between us (which other publications have tried to do). I thought your magazine would be above this type of journalism.

I must admit Genevieve has never tried to take away any of my "good" songs. Her songs were given to her outright by her husband, who indeed wrote the show for her. I am quite satisfied with the songs I have (one of which stops the show).

The spotlight is aimed only where either the director or the lighting man orders it; therefore, one has little to do with where it goes.

Genevieve and I have become good friends since the beginning of the production. If she "pinches" me, it is done only out of friendship and not to take away any of my good songs.

I've Genevieve!

Monique Van Vooren
New York City

Lawyers Beware

Your article "Therapists and Threats" [Jan. 20] certainly indicates how physicians, and more specifically psychiatrists, are being told to practice medicine by lawyers. We all know of many instances of people not only with potentially harmful thoughts and feelings but who have already committed violent acts including murder, being released on technicalities or other rulings and essentially given license to commit another violent act. I have heard pressure from no quarter suggesting that the lawyers be held responsible for the violent acts of their clients.

Lewis H. Richmond, M.D.
San Antonio

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Extending the Vow

Members of the Society of Jesus are a breed apart, not only as the biggest and most influential men's order in the Roman Catholic Church but also as the group with the famed "fourth vow." All Catholic religious orders require members to take the three age-old oaths of poverty, chastity and obedience, but the Jesuits have a fourth vow all their own: special obedience to the Pope. This vow of fealty has become the focus of the recent struggle by more liberal Jesuits against conservatives in the Vatican and in the Society. Last week the delegates to an unusual General Congregation* that is charting the controversial future course of the Jesuits voted to change policy on the papal vow—an act that violated the express wishes of the Pope.

The dramatic decision came when the 235 Jesuit fathers, gathered from 80

nations, were about to enter their third and final month of deliberations in the horseshoe-shaped aula at the order's headquarters *palazzo* in Rome. The delegates, many of them wearing turtle-neck sweaters or loud ties instead of clerical black, cast their votes by punching buttons on their desks that registered *placet* (it pleases) or *non placet* on an electronic scoreboard behind the dais.

Special Merit. The fourth vow originally made Jesuits available for any tasks the Pope desired, whether to stem the tide of Protestantism or spread the gospel to other continents. The source of the present trouble is that while most Jesuit priests once took the fourth vow, today less than half are permitted to do so. The vow has evolved into a sign of special merit based largely on scholarship. Only those who take it hold leadership positions, including all seats at the current General Congregation.

This two-tiered system particularly rankles with younger Jesuits who do not want to be relegated forever to second-class status if they prefer to promote so-

cial justice in slums rather than write books and man classrooms. Since recruitment to the order has become a serious problem (membership dropped from 36,038 in 1965 to 29,436 last year), the fourth vow was high on the agenda when the General Congregation was convened by the progressive Basque who heads the order, Superior General Pedro Arrupe (TIME cover, April 23, 1973). Many of the 1,020 *postulata* (proposed changes) that flowed to Rome before the meeting had raised the vow issue.

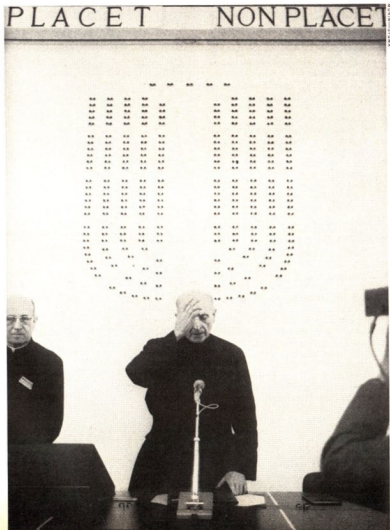
But two weeks after the closed-door meeting began on Dec. 1, Arrupe circulated a letter he had received from Jean Cardinal Villot, the Vatican Secretary of State, informing him that Pope Paul did not want any changes made concerning the vow. The Pope did not explain why, but speculation is that he favors the elitist tradition and fears anything that might hasten radical changes. The fathers nevertheless debated the fourth vow; some proposed doing away with it altogether. Last week, however, the Congregation voted to extend it to all Jesuit priests. (Nonordained Jesuit brothers would still be excluded, as they now are.) This not only ignored Cardinal Villot's warning but set up a major confrontation with the papacy—even though the vote was a test of sentiment, not a final action.

Leaked Letters. Behind Villot's December letter—and the Congregation's decision to ignore it—lay a long-smoldering feud. Many conservative Jesuits have protested that during Arrupe's nine-year reign the order has been disintegrating, particularly in discipline and in loyalty to the Pope's teachings. In addition, Cardinal Villot and his aides have passed on to the Pope complaints of conservative bishops throughout the world who were upset by the social radicalism of some of the Jesuits operating in their sees.

To embarrass Arrupe, Curia conservatives leaked several confidential dressing-down letters from the Pope to the Jesuit Superior General. The conflict erupted in public in the fall of 1973, when Villot's office prepared a letter about the forthcoming Congregation that Pope Paul sent to Arrupe. In it, the Pope urged Arrupe to end the permissiveness of recent years. He added: "We express once again our desire, indeed our demand" that the Jesuits remain "a religious, apostolic, priestly order, linked to the Roman Pontiff by a special bond of love and service." Soon Rome was rife with rumors that Arrupe would have to resign under pressure.

But if Arrupe was in trouble within the Society of Jesus, reports TIME's Erik Amfitheatrof, the Curia maneuvers only

*Of the 32 General Congregations over four centuries, it is only the seventh that has been assembled to deal with pressing problems without needing to elect a new Superior General.



ARRUPE OPENING SESSION
BENEATH ELECTRONIC BOARD

served to help him score a major victory. The Congregation not only resented the interference with internal Jesuit issues, but feared a growth in curial influence over the order if Arrupe were weakened. It therefore rallied round the Superior General, who is now strongly entrenched in his post. Arrupe showed great confidence and diplomacy last month in a speech in which he admitted the Pope's anguish over the Jesuits. He becomingly confessed that his failings as an administrator were partly to blame, but added that any faults come from facing "very difficult problems" and "do not mean that the Society is unfaithful in its vocation."

The General Congregation must come to decisions on many other issues, including whether to pare down members' life-styles and draw institutional assets into separate funds so that the order can better reflect the spirit of poverty. But last week's vote alone makes the meeting a turning point for the Society of Jesus, and it presents Pope Paul with a delicate political problem. He has the power to reject any action of the General Congregation, including its decision on the fourth vow. But that would produce dangerous new tension between the Pope and the Jesuits who are sworn to serve him.

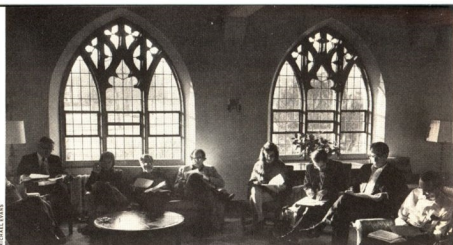
The Hartford Heresies

Christian history is replete with bone-rattling documents of theological protest that capsuled the pressing issues of the day: Martin Luther's 95 Theses, which sparked the Reformation, Pope Pius IX's 19th century Syllabus of Errors, and the German Confessing Christians' Barmen Declaration against Nazism. The technique has fallen into disuse, but it was dusted off last week by a group of 18 Christian thinkers of nine denominations. After a weekend war council at the Hartford Seminary Foundation in Connecticut, they joined in a dramatic warning that American theology has strayed dangerously far afield.

God is Real. Their "Appeal for Theological Affirmation" condemns 13 pervasive ideas, all of which undermine "transcendence," the essential concept that God and his kingdom have a real, autonomous existence apart from the thoughts and efforts of humanity.

Among the signers, who were able to agree on the protest with surprising alacrity, were Catholic Theologian Avery Dulles, Eastern Orthodox Seminary Dean Alexander Schmemmann, Lutheran Theologians George Forell and George Lindbeck, Yale Chaplain William Sloane Coffin Jr., a Presbyterian, and Evangelical Theologian Lewis Smedes of Fuller Seminary.

In 1,150 words, their statement takes issue with some of the most popular liberal fashions of the past decade, including secular Christianity, political eschatology and the human potential



HARTFORD CONFERENCE DISCUSSING THE 13 "FALSE & DEBILITATING" THESES
Exasperated at a church sellout to man-made ideologies.

movement. The specific theses that the churchmen condemned as "false and debilitating":

1. Modern thought is superior to all past forms of understanding reality, and is therefore normative for Christian faith and life.

2. Religious statements are totally independent of reasonable discourse.

3. Religious language refers to human experience and nothing else, God being humanity's noblest creation.

4. Jesus can only be understood in terms of contemporary models of humanity.

5. All religions are equally valid; the choice among them is not a matter of conviction about truth but only of personal preference or life-style.

6. To realize one's potential and to be true to oneself is the whole meaning of salvation.

7. Since what is human is good, evil can adequately be understood as failure to realize human potential.

8. The sole purpose of worship is to promote individual self-realization and human community.

9. Institutions and historical traditions are oppressive and inimical to our being truly human; liberation from them is required for authentic existence and authentic religion.

10. The world must set the agenda for the Church. Social, political and economic programs to improve the quality of life are ultimately normative for the Church's mission in the world.

11. An emphasis on God's transcendence is at least a hindrance to, and perhaps incompatible with, Christian social concern and action.

12. The struggle for a better humanity will bring about the Kingdom of God.

13. The question of hope beyond death is irrelevant or at best marginal to the Christian understanding of human fulfillment.

After each of these assertions, the statement adds a qualifying paragraph explaining why the idea is wrong, even though it might sound beguiling and contain an element of truth. The statement nowhere mentions the people who

have promulgated the false theses, but the discussions at Hartford included references to Harvey Cox (*The Secular City*), Situation Ethicist Joseph Fletcher and Britain's Bishop John Robinson (*Honest to God*). As for the pervasiveness of the thinking exemplified in the theses, Jesuit Dulles thinks that the ideas are widespread in the Roman Catholic Church, particularly among popularizers of the late Teilhard de Chardin and "liberation theologians," who give the Bible a Marxist reinterpretation. A professor from Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary, an influential Protestant school, said that the theses summarize the general belief there.

Gargantuan Exercise. Even the World Council of Churches is "a gargantuan exercise in such cultural capitulation," said the Rev. Richard Neuhaus, an antiwar activist and pastor of St. John the Evangelist Church in Brooklyn. Neuhaus and Fellow Lutheran Peter Berger, iconoclastic author and sociologist at Rutgers, were the originators of the protest. Exasperated by what they consider a church sellout to such man-made ideologies as scientific rationalism and socialism, they wrote the original draft of the statement a year ago, mailed it to 50 churchmen for their reactions and summoned the Hartford meeting to prepare the final declaration.

Though the Hartford discussions brought out many theological differences, conservatives and liberals alike agreed on the necessity of Christian social involvement. However, a paradox was noted. The declaration insists that politically based ideologies, which were created to foster social impact, have done just the opposite. Even Political Activist Coffin joined the group in condemning an idea on which he has often preached, that "the world must set the agenda for the Church." The view from Hartford is that Christianity will be too weak for sustained attack on social evils—or for anything else—unless it first seeks the transcendence, power and will of God. After all, the Hartford Eighteen declare, "We did not invent God; God invented us."

Hearstian Revival

In the late 1880s, Publishing Dynamo William Randolph Hearst's San Francisco *Examiner* helped to introduce sensationalism, jingoism and human interest into newspaper reporting. But in recent years the once garish *Examiner*, fading visibly, has resembled nothing so much as a hazy fog rolling in from the Pacific—with the news reporting turning blurred, local color getting soupy and editorials going bland.

That may be changing. Since September 1972, a 25-year-old Hearst grandson and the family's current power broker at the *Examiner*, "Willie" III, has revived some of the old spirit and innovative kick of grandpa. He has suc-

cessfully pushed the nondescript *Examiner* into making its most striking changes in decades, including a new six-column page format (which may make its debut this month), a reduced page size to save money, more minority reporters, and expanded investigative and news coverage.

Any change at the *Examiner* is shocking to most San Franciscans, since "no change" served as a standard for a generation. Indeed, inertia has been the rule for both of the city's dailies, the *Chronicle* and the *Examiner*, since they joined forces in 1964 to cut costs by establishing a joint company, Printco, which handles printing, distribution and advertising for the two newspapers and puts out a combined Sunday edition, the *Examiner & Chronicle*.

Under the arrangement, the papers have kept their editorial independence,

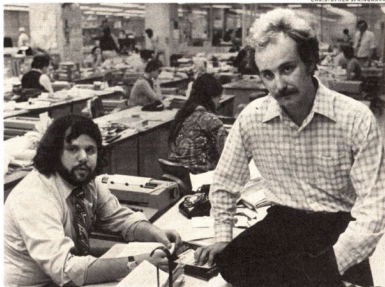
but the *Examiner* switched from morning to afternoon publication. Since the two dailies split Printco profits and losses fifty-fifty, the financially wan *Examiner* was able to improve its enfeebled condition, even though circulation dropped from 240,000 to its present 165,000 with the switch from a.m. to p.m.

The accord left the city with a pair of smug, noncompetitive, conservative newspapers. Not until the gradual involvement of Randolph Hearst, father of kidnaped Patty Hearst and the *Examiner's* president since 1973, did the old family flagship begin to change. Stirred by a tour of the *barrios* of several cities, including San Francisco, in 1969, and pressured by his daughter Patty and nephew Willie, who told him that

mover! I decided you had to have money to do these things, and I realized the money came from the papers."

Willie, who studied at Harvard, where he got an A.B. in mathematics, did more than a year's apprenticeship at the *Examiner*. Then, at Randolph's urging, he was soon busy installing his friends on the paper, including Bob Hayes as black minority adviser and sportswriter; Raul Ramirez, a 28-year-old Cuban journalist from the Washington *Post*, as an investigative reporter; and Reporter Larry Kramer, an abrasive 24-year-old Harvard M.B.A. (who in 1974 wrote his master's thesis on the Hearst Corp.), as assistant to the executive editor, to churn out ideas.

Young Hearst, working as a sort of



YOUNG WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST III (RIGHT) & FRIEND LARRY KRAMER

A Hearst grandson with the physical appearance as well as the spirit and innovative



WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST I

kick of grandpa.

the Bay Area's young ignored the *Examiner*, Randolph Hearst appointed men in their 30s to the city-editor and news-editor slots, put some life into the paper's seven-year-old minority-hiring program, and paid more attention to rock, theater and minority events. Finally, he made himself editor and, last month, publisher. As he admits now: "I don't think we or any other people had really been covering the needs of the majority of the people in San Francisco."

Mighty Chain. The greatest pressure for change has come from Willie. Physically akin to his grandfather, with piercing eyes, patrician nose and blond hair, young Hearst says that he has always been fascinated by the once mighty chain of 32 dailies. "As a kid I would go to San Simeon [the vast Hearst estate] and groove on the whole vision. I really admired my grandfather. What a

Minister Without Portfolio, quickly left his imprint all over the *Examiner*. He helped set up a lively "Op-Ed" page, "Other Voices." He pushed expansion of the paper to six sections (from its normal four) for at least 60 days a year, thereby beefing up the *Examiner's* scrawny consumer reporting. And, backed by his uncle, he went in for investigations: one series actually questioned the rate increases asked by the Pacific Gas & Electric Co., formerly an *Examiner* untouchable.

Sticky financing problems remain, however. The *Examiner* made a slim profit off Printco's gross of \$100 million in 1974, but it must pay for new computerized editing and composing systems in the next three years. The money may be hard to come by. Ad lines are down from last year. Circulation, which was 179,010 in 1973, has slipped

substantially in the past 13 months.

Still, Willie Hearst's determination to improve the paper has not flagged. Says he: "I don't mean making us into the most powerful paper." What he wants is to convince San Franciscans that "when you read something in the *Examiner*, you'll know it is first, true, well researched; and second, that it is well written."

The Squeeze

Until now, about the closest contact many journalists have had with the recession was reporting what it did to other Americans. That vicarious experience is acquiring an edge of reality. Rising costs and shrinking revenues have begun to alter employment, format and, to a lesser extent, the quality of coverage at the nation's newspapers, magazines and broadcast stations.

The news industry's new recession is still relatively mild. Advertising revenues generally were up about 5% last year. But costs soared, newspaper circulation dropped slightly, and classified-ad linage fell by as much as 25% at the *Miami Herald*, *Boston Globe* and other metropolitan dailies—largely because of the slump in hiring, home building and car sales. The price of newsprint, about \$175 a ton in late 1973, hit \$260 a ton last month. Magazine advertising pages were down 2% last year overall, and many executives fear that 1975 will be worse. Says *Esquire* Publishing Group President Jerry Jonty, whose magazine ran 17% fewer ad pages in 1974 than a year earlier: "These are trying times."

Freeze Point. Publishers and station managers are responding to revenue pressures with extensive cost cutting. The *New York Times*, *Wall Street Journal*, *Boston Globe*, *TIME*, CBS and dozens of other major news organizations all have hiring freezes. The *Christian Science Monitor* is hiking its advertising and subscription rates and dropping some 100 employees. The *Monitor* is also switching to tabloid size in April, a move that will save \$100,000 a year in paper costs. Newspaper Guild employees at the Washington *Star-News* voted to go on a four-day week, at four days' pay, in order to avoid the elimination of 100 jobs. WTTG-TV, Washington's Metromedia outlet, cut its budget by \$500,000 this year and laid off a reporter and a weather forecaster. At Hugh Hefner's Playboy Enterprises, six of *Oui* magazine's 35 editorial employees received notice two weeks ago; the company has a freeze on hiring and raises, and Hef himself has taken a 25% pay cut, from \$305,800 to \$229,350.

The squeeze shows, literally. The *Los Angeles Times* has reduced page size by a fraction of an inch to conserve costly paper, and the *Miami Herald* will follow suit next month. The *Herald* and others are switching from an eight-column to a six-column format, at least partly to save on wasted white space

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THE PRESS

between columns. Papers like the Minneapolis *Tribune*, Houston *Chronicle* and Boston *Globe* are now cramming ten columns onto their classified pages instead of the usual eight.

As readers and viewers become increasingly preoccupied with the economy and other domestic problems, more and more news organizations feel free to skimp on foreign coverage. The Baltimore *Sun* will eliminate its Rio de Janeiro bureau in June, the Chicago *Tribune* has closed its Paris bureau, and the Washington *Star-News* this month is recalling its single foreign correspondent, Hong Kong-based Henry Bradsher. Costly wire and features services are also going. The Sacramento *Union* has saved as much as \$80,000 a year by ordering its Associated Press ticker removed (and taking on the far less expensive Chicago Daily News/Sun-Times news service and Cartoonist Bill Mauldin), and Washington's WTTG-TV has for the moment stopped buying \$100 commentaries by Columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak.

Pinchpenny Ethic. Even at organizations that have avoided cutbacks, a new pinchpenny ethic is having a subtle effect on quality. The Boston *Globe* last year dispatched Reporter Jack Thomas to Africa to do a series on world hunger, but has postponed sending him to South America for a follow-up. "We're not going out of our way to find expensive stories that can wait," says Editor Thomas Winship. The Washington *Star-News* decided not to send a reporter to Boston last month to report the abortion-manslaughter trial of Dr. Kenneth Edelin, an event the paper would normally have covered. Says a top reporter for the Oakland *Tribune*, where ten editorial employees have been laid off: "We are definitely missing some stories and photos because of the cutbacks. The news hole is smaller. Overtime has just about been eliminated. I should have covered a story in L.A. last week, but I couldn't go. They are pinching every penny."

That new parsimony may alarm reporters, but some of their bosses see it as an opportunity. Having to conserve newsprint, reports Bob Hudson, executive editor of the Tampa *Tribune* and *Times* papers, "makes writers out of writers and editors out of editors in a crunch situation." Indeed, the twin exigencies of rising costs and lowered budgets are forcing news executives to experiment with new formats and materials that might otherwise have been delayed. Not all of these innovations have been welcome, of course. The Baltimore *Sun*, burned by the soaring price of petroleum-based ink, last year tried to introduce a cheaper, water-based substitute, though more for technical than economic reasons. The experiment failed; the paper tried yet another ink and failed again. Reason: readers complained that the paper smelled bad.

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The Peripatetic Plague

Ever since it made its notorious globe-girdling trip in 1918, influenza has remained the most peripatetic of plagues. A 1968 epidemic afflicted more than 30 million in the U.S. alone; similar, though considerably less serious outbreaks of the disease erupted in 1972 and 1973. Now the flu is once again making the grand tour. The disease, which causes the all too familiar headache, upset stomach, coughing and fever, has struck hard in Eastern Europe and turned up in the western part of the Continent. It has also gained a foothold in the U.S. where, although it has not yet reached the proportions of previous assaults, it has cut into school attendance and increased absenteeism in business and industry.

The virus responsible for the current outbreak is called A/Port Chalmers/1/73 because it was first isolated in 1973 in Port Chalmers, N.Z. From there, the flu has spread slowly. It turned up in Australia and later appeared in South America. By last December, the virus had surfaced in France, where flu soon accounted for 60% to 70% of doctors' house calls in the cities of Lyon, Saint-Etienne, Avignon and Toulouse. Moderate increases in flu cases have been reported in other Western European countries.

American Debut. The flu has reached epidemic proportions in Eastern Europe. Two weeks ago, Radio Budapest announced that the disease had affected 1.3 million, or 9% of Hungary's population. Czech authorities reported that about 900,000 were afflicted in their country; Bulgaria acknowledged 655,000 cases, Yugoslavia 50,000. Last month the flu raged through Moscow, causing some deaths.

The new flu made its American debut in Atlanta toward the end of last year. Since then, it has spread north and west. Georgia, Florida and the Carolinas have been hardest hit thus far, and health authorities reported a recent upsurge in flu cases in Alabama, Mississippi, Kentucky and Tennessee. Some fear that the worst is yet to come. In New York City, health authorities believe that the number of cases could rise rapidly within the next few weeks.

Thus far, at least, the 1974-75 flu has claimed few lives. The U.S. Public Health Service's Center for Disease Control in Atlanta reports that a check of 121 cities reveals that influenza has caused only 578 excess deaths* so far this season, mostly from complications. This year's total is far below the 2,200 fatalities attributed to the 1972-73 outbreak. But the CDC still urges caution.

*Those above the number that would normally be expected from such flu-related diseases as pneumonia.

Those who have already been immunized have a good chance of avoiding this year's ailment. Those who are afflicted are advised to seek prompt treatment, which includes bed rest and copious quantities of fluids.

Plug-In Heart Pump

Doctors all too often perform open-heart surgery that is technically perfect only to have the patient die soon after the operation, because his previously weakened heart cannot bear the added

blood to general circulation. The tubes are then led down through the surgical incision in the chest and placed under the skin of the upper abdomen.

When the time comes to take the patient off the conventional heart-lung machine and close his incision, the ends of the tubes are connected to a simple roller pump. The pump draws oxygenated blood from the left atrium and injects it forcibly into the aorta. The first time the system was used, the pump was doing 65% of the heart's work three hours after the operation. By the

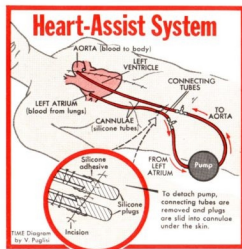
fifth hour, the heart had recovered sufficiently to perform 50% of its normal function. By the twelfth hour, the heart was carrying 78%, and by the 42nd hour, 95% of the work. The pump was unhooked 44 hours after the operation.

To make reinstallation easy, silicone plugs were inserted in the openings of the tubes; a flap of skin was closed over the ends. Litwak's first patient and four subsequent ones are now home recovering from their operations, their hearts working at full capacity. Furthermore, they may be better protected than most heart patients against a relapse. If their hearts need some help in the future, all Litwak should have to do is

make a simple skin incision and reconnect the pump. The plumbing is still in place.

Preventing Bedsores

Bedsores, or decubitus ulcers, plague many patients who must remain immobile for long periods. But a device now in use at the Jersey City Medical Center seems to prevent such painful and potentially debilitating sores from developing. Drs. Joseph Timmes, Paul Harper and Joyce Rocko report in *American Family Physician* that they placed 48 patients on hospital-bed-size water mattresses. Of the 24 patients who already had bedsores, 71% were completely healed after staying on waterbeds for an average of 21.9 days. None of the other 24 patients, who were sore-free but considered sore-prone, developed decubitus ulcers after being on the waterbeds for an average of 27.5 days. The reason is simple. On a conventional mattress, a few pressure points bear most of the patient's weight; the pressure causes closing of capillaries, killing cells and resulting in sores at these points. On a water mattress, weight is evenly distributed, and no part of the body is subject to excess pressure.



burden of surgical shock. To ease the load on ailing hearts, doctors have for several years used implantable balloon pumps (TIME, Aug. 23, 1971) and other devices that are designed to be removed surgically after recovery. A system developed at Manhattan's Mount Sinai Medical Center carries this heart-assist technology a significant step forward. Their pump not only provides a post-operative boost but can be connected again without major surgery if the patient suffers a relapse.

Dr. Robert S. Litwak and his colleagues at Mount Sinai designed the new system to meet two requirements: 1) it had to relieve the left ventricle, the heart's main pumping chamber, of as much as three-quarters of its work load, and 2) it had to remain in place in case it should be needed again. The system they devised is installed while the patient is still hooked up to the heart-lung machine, which takes over the function of these organs during open-heart surgery. First Litwak and his team insert two cannulae, or tubes, of flexible silicone into the patient's open chest. One tube is stitched into his left atrium, to draw off blood before it reaches the ventricle (see diagram). The second tube is connected to the aorta, to return pumped

Rubens, the Grand Inseminator

"Do we admire? Not always. Can we remain unmoved? Scarcely ever." The 19th century critic Eugene Fromentin's remark is still true of most reactions to Sir Peter Paul Rubens, the unrivaled master of 17th century Baroque painting. The austerities of modern art have taught us to feel queasy in the presence of his immense worldliness, Shakespearean erudition and, above all, his imagery: those nudes, pink *bombé*-fronted wardrobes of flesh; those heroes and captains and kings, displaying their vigor and assurance like baroque cockbirds of paradise; the fluster of rich fabrics and cloud, the lions and leopards and marble.

Rubens was not an esoteric artist. The world did not veil itself from him in ambiguities. Perhaps no other painter since Titian displayed such an assured possession of his own experience, and beside it, even Picasso's notable *lebenslust* seems rather cramped. In a sense, Rubens was to the 17th century in Europe (he died in 1640) what Picasso was to the first half of the 20th. But Rubens' influence then went on, which Picasso's shows no sign of doing, for another 200 years. First there were his ex-students, Anthony Van Dyck and Jacob Jordaens. Even more important were the French *Rubénistes*. "From the moment I received it, I have not had a moment's repose," Antoine Watteau wrote to his patron Julie after he had been given a picture by Rubens. "and my eyes are never weary of returning toward the easel where I have placed it as if in a shrine."

Shower of Gold. The French court artists of the late 17th century, like Jean Jouvenet and Charles De La Fosse, all worked under Rubens' shadow. So did François Boucher in the late 18th century, and a further succession of painters, culminating in the 19th with Eugène Delacroix. "What a magician! I get out of sorts with him at times. I quarrel with him because of his heavy forms, his lack of science and elegance. But how far he is above all those little qualities which make up the whole baggage of others..." And the view Delacroix expressed of Rubens, as a demonic, fertilizing agent, descending on art as Zeus came down to Danaë in a shower of gold, remained until the human figure ceased to be the main subject of art.

An exhibition that would do full justice to Rubens' impact on later art would

have to be encyclopedic, and perhaps it will come in 1977 with the 400th anniversary of his birth. But meanwhile, a fascinating exploration of *Rubénisme* (in Flanders, England and France) is on show in Providence, sponsored by Brown University and the Rhode Island School of Design. Organized by graduate students under Assistant Professor Mary C. Volk of Brown, it is the first systematic effort to show Rubens' posthumous influence on Europe theme by theme. It is hard to see how so much territory could be better indicated on a small ex-



SELF-PORTRAIT BY PETER PAUL RUBENS, CA. 1635
Showers of gold and a rolling eye.

hibition budget. Apart from the (necessarily small) paintings by Rubens himself, there are works by Jouvenet, De La Fosse, Boucher, Fragonard, Gainsborough, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Géricault and Delacroix, and as fine a group of Watteau crayon drawings as one could hope to see in any room in the U.S.

Rubens' influence was so great partly because his output was so huge. A prodigious and systematic vitality enabled him to complete more than 1,000 oils, in which all the chief subjects of Baroque art—from crucifixions to battle and hunting scenes, from political allegory and mythology to grand-style portraiture—were reinvented, passed through a generous and erudite intelli-

gence and mingled with commoner themes to which Rubens gave a new stature: landscape and still life. His idea of a battle piece was a knot of turbulent figures and horses, locked together into one impacted mass by an undulating, centripetal rush of line, as in the magnificent *Battle of Constantine and Licinius* (1622) (see color).

By the time Rubens had finished amplifying the battle-piece theme in later paintings, the source of hundreds of battle pictures and painted disaster epics in the 18th and 19th centuries had been laid, even down to the kind of horses. Rubens' standard horse, a prancing, thick-barrelled animal with nervous fetlocks, cascading tail, wild, rolling eyes and distended nostrils, was repeated by Géricault and Delacroix until it became the very symbol of the romantics' sense of organic energy. In portraiture, Rubens' sense of the grand manner and his way of putting figures convincingly within nature would deeply affect both Gainsborough and Reynolds, the leading English art theorist of his time. Reynolds greatly admired Rubens' "airness and facility."

Pagan Love. Rubens added something to the meaning of every subject he touched, but perhaps the deepest transformation of a theme that he set off was the imagery of the terrestrial paradise, which he changed into a thoroughly erotic Eden: the island of Cythra, sacred to Aphrodite. It was from this delectable abode of profane love that the 18th century painters of the *fête champêtre* drew their inspiration. Rubens' outdoor courts of pagan love became Watteau's exquisite assemblies of lovers and Pierrots, at dusk, beside the Mozartian stone statue. This vision of a society of the elect united by love (which is equally the root of the paradise myth) continued through Watteau's colleagues and imitators, Fragonard, Jean-Baptiste Pater—in *The Dance* (circa 1730)—Nicolas Lancret and the rest. Nor was it altogether lost with the French Revolution. Delacroix, whose painfully stiff early imitations of Rubens (like *Henri IV Conferring the Regency on Marie de' Medici*) are much to the fore in this show, was able in maturity to go back to his great prototype and produce such majestically sensual works as *Turkish Women Bathing* (1854), an outdoor seraglio, a blend of Venus garden and *fête champêtre*. In the event, it was Rubens who saved classical mythology for the romantics by rescuing it from its scholarly imbrications. By the same token, he rescued historical allegory by giving it the unique straightforwardness, the solidity and dazzle that his followers could only aspire to imitate. Perhaps no painter ever gave the word more flesh, or had more gratitude for it.

■ Robert Hughes



Eugène Delacroix's "Turkish Women Bathing," 1854



Jean-Baptiste Pater's "The Dance," ca. 1730

NELSON GALLERY-ATKINS MUSEUM, KANSAS CITY

P.P. Rubens's "Battle of Constantine and Licinius," 1622



Caesar Falls Again

MARCUS BRUTUS

by PAUL FOSTER

This play is enjoying its world premiere at an enterprising six-year-old regional theater, Stage/West, located in Springfield, Mass. Like several other such theaters, Stage/West tries to make room in its repertory season for new and serious drama. In recent years, some of these plays have reached New York and won critical acclaim. What is of more importance is the increasing willingness of regional theaters to trust in the receptivity of their local audiences to new works rather than continually playing it safe with revivals of classics or Broadway hits.

Playwright Paul Foster is not a newcomer to the stage. His *Tom Paine* (1968) enjoyed substantial popularity off-Broadway, particularly with younger audiences, thanks in part to Tom O'Horgan's flamboyant staging. In *Marcus Brutus*, Foster has followed Tom Stoppard's lead in *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*. Just as R. & G. used *Hamlet* for its substructure, *Marcus Brutus* uses *Julius Caesar*.

Foster's switch is this: an aspiring young playwright named simply Cat (Ed Rombola) conjures up the spirits of the ancient Roman conspirators. They hover over his typewriter in his New York apartment. Cat also summons up Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra, who doubles as his actress friend Memphis (Lea Scott). He tells them that since Brutus is a rational man and "rational men don't kill," he plans to revise their destinies so that Caesar will not be assassinated in the forum.

Gorily Slain. But Cat finds that the forces of history prove inexorable, and Caesar is gorily slain again. It might be argued that Foster has provided, though he fails to pursue, a plausible motive for Brutus' act. Brutus discovers that he is Caesar's natural son and takes his vengeance for not being designated Caesar's heir. This, of course, is a longstanding historical rumor, though no proof has ever been adduced for it. Foster's cautionary political moral is that no man of Brutus' nobility of reason would commit such an act without an overriding ideal and that such ideals can be dangerously manipulated.

Of greater theatrical interest is one specific echo from Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author*—that illusion transcends reality once solidly conceived characters make the quantum jump from the playwright's imagination to the living stage. The playwright will change, wither away and die; his characters will remain changeless.

The Stage/West cast is competent without being proficient, though Rom-

bol's Cat has a disarmingly baffled naïveté and Scott's Memphis-Cleopatra is both perky and voluptuous. As of now, *Marcus Brutus* is more than a first draft and less than a finished drama, but certainly worth the doing as an intriguing work in progress.

■T.E. Kalem

Primordial Slime

SEASCAPE

by EDWARD ALBEE

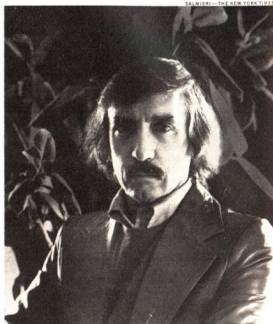
On the U.S. playwright scene, Edward Albee is the emperor who has no clothes. People tend to forget that *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* opened on Oct. 13, 1962. That drama is a work of permanence, and the expressions "a Virginia Woolf couple" or a "Virginia Woolf marriage" have drifted into common parlance. In the more than twelve years that have followed, Albee has written seven plays, and all of them put together possess the cumulative magnetic impact of a shelf of dead batteries.

What went wrong? Why are his plays such flaccidly somnolent affairs?

Mainly, Albee has indulged his playwrighting defects. Having a very weak gift for plot construction, he took to adapting novels ranging from Carson McCullers' to James Purdy's. One such "adaptation," *Everything in the Garden* (TIME, Dec. 8, 1967), was rather more effective in its original form as written by Britain's Giles Cooper than it was as rewritten by Albee, or so some critics said. After creating the wily priest and the slandering lawyer in *Tiny Alice*, the play that immediately followed *Virginia Woolf*, Albee no longer seemed able to invent any characters that possessed dramatic vigor. They all appeared to be suffering from acute spinal inertia and total mental ennui. Finally, he largely abandoned his strong suit, which was a flair for vituperatively explosive dialogue and bitchy humor. Instead, his characters have spoken for years now with intolerably stilted pomposity, as if they had wandered out of an unpublished work by some minor Victorian novelist.

These treacherous defects are all on parade in *Seascape*. It is not a hateful play; it is bland and innocuous, a two-

hour sleeping pill of aimless chatter. In Act I, Nancy (Deborah Kerr) and Charlie (Barry Nelson) discuss their lives, which seem to be a compendium of all the middle-aged complaints one has heard about in recent drama and fiction or, quite possibly, from the next-door neighbor. In Act II, the couple is joined by two English-speaking lizards complete with crocodile tails. The lizards, Leslie (Frank Langella) and Sarah (Maureen Anderson), have been almost ostentatiously monogamous considering the myriads of marine creatures they have slithered against during the eons they have spent together down in the aquatic depths. The foursome exchange amusing and sometimes half-menacing notes on their differing life-styles and the pleasures and perils of evolution. In the end,



SEASCAPE PLAYWRIGHT EDWARD ALBEE

Plug for plankton.

in a kind of quasi-Marxist manifesto somewhat on the order of "Reptiles of the world, unite, you have nothing to lose but your tails." Nancy and Charlie entice the lizards into giving the earth a go.

Considering the thudding banalities they are forced to utter, the actors manage a lively display of cocktail-party intelligence. Deborah Kerr is very pukka mem-sahib, and Barry Nelson displays his boyish charm, though the patina of age has begun to dull it. Frank Langella turns out to be the drollest character onstage with his stubborn *macho* pride in the size of his tail.

In evolutionary terms, *Seascape* is a very convincing plug for the amoeba, or perhaps just plain plankton. ■T.E.K.



PROPRIETOR FRED BRIDGE COUNSELING A PATRON AT THE BRIDGE KITCHENWARE CORP.

MODERN LIVING

Mr. Pots and Pans

There is no accounting for tastemakers. To Craig Claiborne (*The New York Times Cook Book*), "Fred Bridge is the enormously kind Mr. Pots and Pans." To James Beard (*Beard on Bread*), "Fred Bridge is a son of a bitch. I won't set foot in his place."

Then again, there is no accounting for the Bridge Kitchenware Corp. The Manhattan emporium contains enough implements to satisfy all the descendants of Brillat-Savarin. Yet its owner, Fred Bridge, keeps the store looking more like a warehouse than a house of wares, and when nonbuying shoppers browse through the overcrowded aisles, he makes a fetish out of insulting them.

Familiar and Exotic. Longtime customers have learned never to cross that Bridge when they come to it, for beneath the beefy, abrasive exterior is a beefy, abrasive interior. Neither the rich nor the famous escape his wrath. He recently demanded that a millionaire yachtsman put away his crummy checkbook, pay cash or get out. Last week a stroller who was killing time before a matinee was loudly condemned as "your typical woman shopper." She retorted with "sexist clod"—but only when she was safely out of earshot.

Every clod has its silver lining, and for each insult there are thousands who would not light a stove without consulting the proprietor. Jackie Onassis is a devoted customer, as are Johnny Carson, Nelson Rockefeller, Danny Kaye and the Kennedys. The Waldorf Astoria Hotel buys supplies from the store; so does Pan American Airways.

When Mr. Pots and Pans is not on one of his frequent buying trips to Europe, he patrols four floors of highly variegated merchandise. His cheapest item

is a 5¢ cork, his most expensive a \$500 copper pot suitable for an entire sheep. Between these terminals is a treasury of the familiar and exotic. Prosaic pepper mills and soup bowls huddle with sophisticated *croissant* cutters and the French Cuisinart Food Processor, a \$160 Rube Goldberg contraption for slicing and pulverizing just about anything. No device, no matter how arcane or costly, sits around for long.

"These days people would rather cook in than go out," theorizes Bridge, 59. "Quiche pans I can't keep in stock. Omelette makers won't quit. And bread! Bread is unbelievable. Why not? For \$25 you can get a stainless steel bowl, a pastry cloth, a dough cutter, a bread pan, and you're in business. Forever."

So, apparently, is the proprietor. An ex-Army cook who started with \$1,800 in 1946, he now gleefully watches some competitors approaching bankruptcy—while his business enjoys a six-figure gross, much of it in mail orders. Other kitchenware sellers may receive orders from out of town; only Bridge regularly gets them from Paris, where gourmets request *recherche* items like his tiny pea-size melon scoops. Yet despite the curmudgeonly manner, Bridge has permitted success to go only to his wallet, not his head. He refuses to open a branch store, for example, because quality controls could not be maintained. Such elevated standards recently led TV Chef Julia Child to pronounce the Bridge company "reasonable, personal and full of things you just can't get anywhere else." Many of those things are devices that Bridge designs. Solingen steelmakers in Germany produce his oversize all-purpose kitchen knife. Marble quarries in Carrara, Italy, supply him with the special slabs that he specifies for kneading dough. A French factory manufac-

tures his unique upright asparagus cooker. These bestsellers are delivered—and sold—a thousand at a time. That largesse may give patrons great entrées, but it also gives Fred Bridge new impatience with sluggish buyers—and fresh skepticism about the current headlines.

"I don't get it," he says, frowning at hesitant consumers. "I keep reading about trouble. All I know is, I never made so much money in my life. Is there really a recession out there?"

Oddball Almanac

Television viewers who tuned into ABC's new talk show *AM America* recently learned from Co-Host Stephanie Edwards that it just happened to be Millard Fillmore's birthday. On his NBC show, Johnny Carson from time to time reminds his audience that it is, say, Patrick Henry's birthday or Lily of the Valley day in Luxembourg.

Much of this calendar esoterica can be found in *Chase's Calendar of Annual Events*, an oddball almanac that lists 2,300 days and events around the world. Published by William Chase, 52, of Flint, Mich., the 68-page booklet includes celebrations like Whoop-Up Days in Alberta, Canada, the Bratwurst Festival in Bucyrus, Ohio, or the Festival of the Hungry Ghosts in Singapore.

Many of the nearly 15,000 subscribers, who pay \$5 per copy, are comedians, writers and broadcasters seeking to enliven their routines or stories. Even the White House has a copy, and staffers sometimes phone Chase to confirm a date. Once White House aides went so far as to track Chase down at his sick father's bedside in Florida to check on the date of a German historical event; they were planning a celebration to honor a visiting dignitary.

Chase first put together his calendar 18 years ago while working as a librarian at the Flint Journal. The idea was inspired by the many calls he received from reporters "looking for brighteners." Chase began hunting for mention of new events in newspaper clippings and verifying traditional ones by getting in touch with trade associations and other sponsoring groups. He then used his own small publishing concern, Apple Tree Press, to turn out the *Calendar*.

Radish Feast. Today Chase is bombarded with announcements from obscure trade groups and societies anxious to list events along the lines of the Old Fiddler's Reunion, the Muzzle Loaders festival, or the Feast of the Radishes. Occasionally he runs into troublesome sources like Cartoonist Al Capp, who insists that "Sadie Hawkins Day" comes whenever I say it comes in November." Because of Capp's unpredictability, Chase has had to drop the day from his publication. He also has problems with the promoters of National Procrastination Week. Their listing routinely arrives a week or so after his deadline.

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Don't get us wrong. That doesn't mean Vantage Menthol is the lowest 'tar' and nicotine menthol around.

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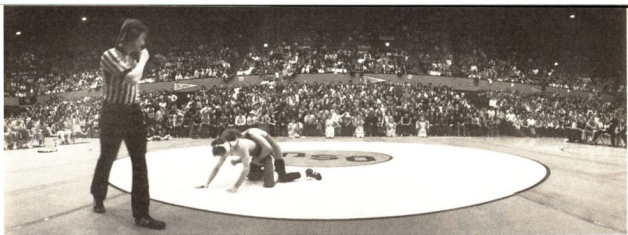
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Filter, 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine. Menthol: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report OCT. '74.



WRESTLING IN STILLWATER: FANS JAMMING GALLAGHER HALL WATCH OKLAHOMA STATE COWBOY PUT DOWN VISITOR FROM IOWA STATE

SPORT

The Grappler Dynasty

Bruno Sammartino flattening Pedro Morales with a flying elbow. The Mighty Zulu punishing Man Mountain Mike with a bone-crunching knuckle headlock. Mention wrestling, and that is what comes to mind for most Americans. Not for the citizens of Stillwater, Okla. For them, wrestling offers far, far more than the dubious diversion of watching overweight meatballs belting each other in mock mortal combat. Reason: Stillwater is the home of the Oklahoma State Cowboys, the most successful team in college wrestling.

Everywhere that wrestling is regarded as a major sport—only the South gives it scant attention—Stillwater is looked to as a shrine. Since the N.C.A.A. began determining national wrestling champions in 1928, O.S.U. has won 27 titles—20 more than its nearest competitor, archrival Oklahoma.

This year's squad looks as powerful as any of its predecessors. With the exception of a loss to Portland (Ore.) State, O.S.U. is undefeated. In fact, three of State's ten starters—118 lbs. to heavy-weight—have yet to lose a match this year: Billy Martin, a cat-quick sophomore in the 126-lb. class; and two senior co-captains: gangling Steve Randall, wrestling at 142 lbs.; and Ron Ray, a veteran of the 167-lb. division.

Gold Medal. Armed with a sizable travel budget and the inducement of 19 wrestling scholarships, O.S.U. Coach Tommy Chesbro has recruited in schools from Virginia to California. Last year he ended up with four of the nation's ten best high school wrestlers. Chesbro, once a State mat star, does not limit his scouting to the U.S. Two former O.S.U. grapplers now living in Japan keep him posted on blue-chip prospects there. For good reason: probably the finest wrestler in Oklahoma State's history was Yojiro Uetake, a two-time Olympic gold-medal winner for Japan.

Once he gets his manpower on cam-

pus, the soft-spoken Chesbro, 35, puts them through a wearing training regimen. Beginning in September, three months before the season opens, wrestlers work out three to four hours a day, concentrating on melting off every ounce of "Sub-Q-Fat"—their abbreviation for subcutaneous fat. That struggle continues through the season as wrestlers work to make their weight division before each match. Frequently they go without food for 18 hours before weigh-in, then stoke up in the five hours between weigh-in and match.

Weight watching is not the only extra pressure on the wrestlers. The sport puts the spotlight on just two men at a time, and how a man wins can be almost as important as whether he wins at all. If he pins an opponent, his team picks up six points; if he cannot pin his opponent but wins the match by out-pointing him, his team will get only three or four points, depending on how much he dominated the contest. "A football player may go out and play a lousy game," says Chesbro, "but if the team wins big, he's still a hero. Not here. Every time a kid gets out on the mat, everybody knows whether he won or lost."

When a wrestler does win in Stillwater, he becomes an instant campus hero. The school comes down with "wrestlin'" fever before big matches. On the evening of a showdown with powerful Iowa State recently, the beer joints were crammed with students fueling up on draught Coors. By match time, every available space was filled in 7,100-seat Gallagher Hall—named after former O.S.U. Wrestling Coach Edward Clark Gallagher, father of the modern college sport. Once the Cowboys were introduced and started whipping their opponents, the chanting crowd exploded. Right through the final contest between 290-lb. Freshman Jimmy Jackson and his 330-lb. opponent, the din was deafening. Clearly, no one in Stillwater will settle for O.S.U.'s championship total staying at 27.

Dog Days in Winter

Skiers, skaters and snowmobile jockeys have inflated the audience for winter weather. A smaller, more select group of frosted sportsmen also follows snow bulletins with fascination: the men who hitch Huskies to light wood rigs and mush across wilderness trails in sled-dog races. From the White Mountains of New Hampshire through the Upper Midwest snow belt to Alaska, a cadre of dog sleders has been reviving the arcane sport for thrills and profit. TIME Correspondent Richard Woodbury visited Ely, Minn., to cover the Sixth All-American Sled-Dog Championships. His report:

The thermometer hovered just above 0° as the caravan of campers and mobile kennels—bearing such names as "Orzie's Huskies" and "Polar Bear Kennels"—trekked into Ely (pop. 5,000) for the biggest weekend of the year. The 7,500 participants and spectators jammed the town's five motels and four restaurants. At Zup's Market the run on dog food was so fierce that supplies quickly gave out. Mayor Jack Grahek, himself a Husky fancier, opened up his own stockpile to ensure that none of the 2,500 canine guests would go hungry.

In the basement of Bridgeman's Restaurant, the drivers and their backers were trading tales and plotting strategy while downing tumblers of bourbon and Grain Belt beer. They also mulled over the tout sheet of Local Handicapper Duane Krause, who goes by the pen name "Timber Savage." Savage and most of the smart money favored George Attla, a lame, one-eyed Athapascan Indian from Fairbanks, Alaska. Others leaned toward Harris Dunlap, a former art teacher from Bakers Mills in New York's Adirondacks.

Attla, a veteran on the sled-dog circuit that has grown to 400 races a season, made close to \$20,000 last year in purses. (The money is raised by such diverse off-season activities as bingo and



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EPA's highway test average.

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Alive with pleasure! Newport



*After all,
if smoking isn't
a pleasure,
why bother?*

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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100's: 20 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74

SPORT

potluck suppers.) He finds the kicks at least as compelling as the cash. "There's no other sport," he says, "where you have to control 16 animals at one time." There is probably no other winter sport so expensive either. A beginner itching to compete in the "unlimited class" (seven or more dogs) can expect to spend up to \$10,000 for his team, and a good lead animal can cost \$3,000. Preparation for serious competition is also time consuming; in the summer a team must be trained for the rigors of the trail by hauling their driver over hill and meadow on wheeled rigs or automobile frames.

Come Saturday morning the staging area behind the old railroad depot was full of yapping dogs and eager drivers, who made last-minute adjustments to their birchwood sleds, dosed their teams with cod-liver oil, and administered suppositories so that the dogs would excrete before and not during the race. As the town's lone vet scurried about treating sore legs and nervous stomachs, sheriff's deputies shooed away an occasional stray Dalmation or schnauzer.

Cottage Cheese. The course was 16½ miles long but only 8 ft. wide, meandering through stands of aspen and balsam, crossing four frozen lakes and looping back into town. It had been packed down by snowmobiles towing iron bars, but a sudden thaw softened the surface. Drivers, whose control of their dogs is limited to four simple commands

—Gee for turn right, Haw for left, Hike for go, and Whoa for stop—found the going tricky, and there were five spills on Suicide Hill. The teams are paced by their drivers, who must take care not to burn them out in heavy slush. When a burst of speed is needed, drivers sometimes "pump" (give a series of short one-legged kicks in the snow) to aid their animals. Some drivers hold a "snub line" to prevent the animals from running off without them in the event of an overturn.

The temperature dropped to a numbing 13° below zero that night, and on Sunday the course was frozen solid. Attla, who had turned in the best time during Saturday's first heat, prepared his team for the final day with a feast of cottage cheese, honey and rice. As spectators clutching flasks of brandy scrambled on foot or into pickups to find vantage points out on the course, Starter Frank Salerno began dispatching the 141 teams at 1- and 2-min. intervals. When Attla's turn came, he catapulted from the starting line and assaulted Suicide Hill.

Fifty-four minutes and three seconds later, man and dogs crossed the finish line, their faces masked in a film of frost. Attla's run—at an average of close to 20 m.p.h.—clipped six minutes off the course record. His reward: two trophies and a purse of \$1,650. The next day, with Ely recovering from après-sled festivities, Attla and his Huskies were in his ¾-ton truck, rolling down State Route 169 toward Colorado and another race.

The Carter Vogue

"You don't throw a string-quartet program like this at an average audience," said Violinist Matthew Raimondi last week. That remark out of the way, Raimondi and the other members of the Composers String Quartet went out onto a stage at Columbia University and performed the three best and most difficult string quartets written since the time of Béla Bartók. They are by Composer Elliott Carter, and the trio of works have a collective age of 44 years. Yet no group had ever played all or even two of them at one sitting; scheduling even one is a calculated risk. The recital was a sell-out. So was the second, held two days later to meet the demand for tickets. It appears that the string-quartet audience in the U.S. is not only larger than ever before but a great deal more mature.

For an average string quartet, the biggest problem in playing Carter can be just staying together. In *String Quartet No. 2*, the instruments are given music of a dramatically contrasting character: the first violin spins fantastic note flourishes, for example, while the viola sobs a lot. In *Quartet No. 3*, the first violin and cello are allowed expressive rubato; the second violin and viola are not. Says Michael Rudiakov, cellist of the marvelously together Composers String Quartet: "When you play this music, you jump and hope the parachute opens."

Last week, while the Composers Quartet was performing in New York City, Conductor Seiji Ozawa and the San Francisco Symphony were playing Carter's granitic *Concerto for Orchestra* (1969) in the War Memorial Opera House. In March, Pierre Boulez will preside over the world premiere of a new *Duo for Violin and Piano* at a New York Philharmonic Prospective Encounters concert. At 66, Carter would seem to be in danger of becoming that rare thing in contemporary music, a composer in vogue.

His Own Man. Not that anyone would ever guess that from watching Carter in action. He is a shy man with a quizzical manner. He looks uncomfortable even in a jacket. When he does take the stage—say, to deliver a few explanatory words about his music, as he did last week at the Composers Quartet recital—he tends to flap his hands and remain winningly untheatrical.

That is a reflection, perhaps, of a most conventional but lucky childhood. His father was a successful Manhattan lace importer who took the boy along on business trips to Europe. Carter foraged music shops in Vienna and Paris for Schoenberg and Stravinsky scores. Then came Harvard, where, save for Walter Piston and the visiting Gustav Holst, "the teachers didn't like and didn't real-

ly understand one single thing about contemporary music."

In the years since, Carter has composed at an unpressured pace made possible partly by a small inheritance from his father. He lives with his wife Helen in Manhattan's Greenwich Village and does some teaching at Juilliard and Cornell. He has a studio with a piano, but of late has been more comfortable composing elsewhere—"away from the telephone, away from the requests I get 50 times a year from worthy institutions asking my advice on whether

higher mathematics of his music represents his own laboriously worked out solutions to the challenges of modern theory. In effect, he creates a new language each time, then writes the piece. Of Carter's independence Violinist Raimondi says: "He has not spent his time getting on and off buses because they were going in the right direction."

Metric Modulation. Carter is most famous, perhaps, for developing what has come to be known as metric modulation. This is a means of precise note writing that, for example, enables some

players in an ensemble to speed up, others to slow down, and still allows all to end up together. Metric modulation can bring about astonishing departures in sonic texture and rhythm.

That is not the only kind of organizing device to be found in Carter's music. His *Piano Concerto* is built out of all the different three-note chords (triads) that exist within the octave. *String Quartet No. 3* is based on four-note chords, the *Concerto for Orchestra* on five- and seven-note chords. This music no more has a conventional beginning and ending or progression in time toward a Brahmsian climax than a de Kooning has an east or west.

Carter is stringent in his music. But on the inequities of the musical life he is capable of arias and cadenzas. "Do you know how much I received in royalties the first year from the LP of *Concerto for Orchestra*? I'll tell you how much—\$50. I get paid \$3,000 to write a piece of music. My publisher has to spend \$10,000 to get the thing ready for publication. When it comes out, I find that it has hundreds of errors in it. I send him an errata. What happens? He loses it."

"Georg Solti is playing my *Variations for Orchestra* with the Chicago Symphony. He decides to invite me, all expenses paid, to attend the concert. When does the telegram arrive? On the day of the concert. He is in Chicago. I am in New York, with classes to teach. What can you do?"

Pondering all this, Carter can be forgiven for crying out, "Look, all I want to do is write my pieces, and to hell with the rest of it." With pop palliating the present and Muzak prophesying the future, Carter is understandably concerned about the dangerous gulf between serious music and the general audience. It helps, of course, that he has more fame than most, but essentially he has no choice. "It's a very simple thing. I was trained to be a composer. It gives my life some sense."



CARTER DURING REHEARSAL AT COLUMBIA
To hell with the rest of it.

to give \$20,000 to somebody else."

After the death of Stravinsky in 1971, Carter emerged as the most important composer in the U.S. To the uninitiated, his recent orchestral and chamber works can sometimes sound like the serial music of Arnold Schoenberg spun out to infinity by a modern-day sorcerer's apprentice. To those who listen hard and well, they constitute some of the most profoundly evolutionary, if not downright revolutionary, music of our time. It is somber, dark music that is not primarily intended to provide instant pleasure. Composing thus, Carter is a true child of the age of anxiety, but in matters of compositional style he is essentially fatherless. No one teacher, composer or school of thought can be said to have created him. The

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WALL STREET

Stock Surge: The Bulls Come Running

It was the kind of buying binge that Wall Street had not seen in more than three years. On the first day of trading last week, investors bought a record 32.1 million shares on the New York Stock Exchange and pushed the battered Dow Jones industrial average up a full 26 points—the ninth highest daily rise in history. In four more days of equally furious trading, the Dow rose 37.08 points in all, punching through 700 for the first time in five months to a week's close at 703.69. That was an impressive 22% above the dismal twelve-year low of 577.6 that the Dow reached early in December, and it stirred some hopes that the big bad bear market that began with the oil embargo of October 1973 might at last be over.

A rally, which has swept up a broad range of listed and over-the-counter stocks, has been under way since December. By mid-January, as hundreds of stocks still languished at postwar lows, the mutual funds and other big investors were looking for some excuse to begin buying in earnest. That excuse seemed to come from a federal court in Denver; it reversed a lower court's order that IBM had to pay \$259.5 million in antitrust damages to Telex Corp. Says Robert Stovall, director of investment policy at Reynolds Securities Inc.: "This was the first time in a while that any federal institution has come out with a decision that 'big is not bad.'" IBM, which had been down 36% from its 1974 high of 254, bounced back 25% points to close the week at 188%.

There are many other reasons for a rally. Interest rates are falling—and will continue to drop—because of the new ease in the Federal Reserve's monetary policy and a decline in borrowing by corporations as the recession deepens. With bank certificates of deposit paying only 6½% interest and bond rates going soft, investors are turning back to stocks, which, at today's depressed prices, offer both attractive dividends and prospects for hefty capital gains when the economy finally picks up. Beyond IBM, last week's great gainers were the high-yield or interest-sensitive stocks that usually bounce back first when money rates come down: utilities, savings and loan associations, insurance companies.

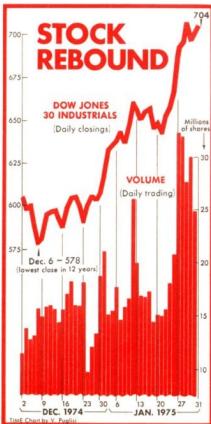
Strong Prop. Inflation shows signs of abating. The wholesale price index has dropped 0.5% since November; retail prices are being marked down for a wide range of goods—clothes, appliances, and notably autos (see cover story next page). Because inflation and interest rates are relaxing in several parts of the world, stocks have been rising on the European and Japanese exchanges; in London, where shares recently scraped a 21-year low, values have jumped back by 62% since Jan. 6.

Is a big bull market in the making? A. Gary Shilling, chief economist of White, Weld & Co., notes that "historically, whenever we've had a major recession—like in 1921, 1937 and 1958—we've never had a genuine new bull market until all the bad news is out of the way." Last week's big spenders were

ignoring several signs that that has not happened yet. The Labor Department reported that industrial productivity declined by 2.7% last year; that is the first decline in manufacturing output per man-hour since the department began keeping such records in 1947. Corporate profits fell by 10% to 25% during last year's fourth quarter, and there will surely be further declines in 1975. Then, too, Treasury borrowing to finance the \$34.7 billion federal deficit that the Administration expects this year (see THE NATION) could well cause many stresses and strains on financial markets.

For the moment, the strongest prop under the stock market is the fact that the institutions that were the big buyers last week still have plenty of money; mutual funds have about 15% of their assets in cash. Stovall of Reynolds believes that "people are now more afraid of missing a market than they are of a long recession." If so, there will be many more busy days on the exchanges.

FLOOR OF NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE AT END OF RECORD-VOLUME DAY LAST WEEK





"CAR CLEARANCE CARNIVAL" PROMOTION WITH CHORUS & OTHER TRIMMINGS AT DODGE DEALERSHIP IN SOUTHFIELD, MICH.

AUTOS/COVER STORY

Detroit's Gamble to Get Rolling Again

More than any other device made by man, the automobile has shaped U.S. society, sparked its economy and tested its technology. Equally important, from the days of the migrating Okies in the 1930s through the leather-jacketed hot-rodders of the 1950s, the auto—and its use—has told much about American habits, values and problems. Today Americans are sharply scaling down their expectations. They are pulling in their purse strings. They are looking for more and more economy, utility and durability in the products that they buy. All of those trends are causing a major upheaval in the nation's most important industry, forcing Detroit's automakers to change sweepingly their sales strategy.

In recent months the auto industry has been jolted by one of the worst sales collapses in its history. Falling production has idled one-fourth of its work force and led to a glut of 1.6 million unsold cars. To get sales rolling again, the industry is now taking two expensive gambles. By the end of this month it will have spent millions in a program of cash rebates—ranging from \$200 to \$600 on selected models—designed to lure reluctant buyers. For the longer term, Detroit is committing billions to an overdue drive aimed at developing and producing whole new families of cars that will be far lighter, smaller and more economical to operate than practically any of the present models. Says Gerald Meyers, product group vice president at American Motors: "Hell, the people have been telling us for years that they wanted smaller, lighter cars. This industry has just not been listening."

The companies are lavishly promoting their rebate programs. Chrysler, which is saddled with the heaviest back-

log of unsold cars and was first to begin offering rebates, is spending one-fourth of its \$50 million annual ad budget on a series of video spots featuring TV Pitchman Joe Garagiola in a carnival setting urging viewers to hurry, hurry, hurry to their nearest dealer. Lincoln-Mercury commercials have Green Bay Packer Coach Bart Starr sincerely touting Ford's \$200 to \$500 giveaways. Dealers round the country are jumping in with their own brands of salesmanship and showmanship—some of them bizarre.

Swimming Pool. Atlanta Chevrolet Dealer Doug McCurdy is getting browsers in a buying mood by letting them work off frustrations by taking a sledgehammer to an old Mercury emblazoned with the words INFLATION, RECESSION, GLOOM, DOOM. In Mount Vernon, Ohio, Lincoln-Mercury Dealer Jack Ostrander has started accepting cattle from local farmers as part of a trade-in deal on new cars. Ostrander pays 65¢ per lb. for steers or heifers, which he ships to his farm for resale later on.

A nearby competitor, Chrysler-Plymouth Dealer John Hatfield, is accepting "anything" as a trade-in on his latest models. Last month his company took in two dune buggies, a garden tractor, four motorcycles, a swimming pool and a public-address system, along with a rifle, a shotgun and a pistol. To stir up publicity, American Motors Dealer Ron Wagner took an electric heater and a tent to the roof of his showroom in Boylston, Mass., and camped out there for eleven icy days and nights. After reaching his goal of selling 23 cars—at a sharply reduced profit—Wagner abandoned his perch and reported: "I think I kept my head above water."

That is an achievement that the four

Detroit auto manufacturers would be only too happy to match in 1975. Ford Chairman Henry Ford II says flatly: "This year is going to be terrible." Speaking of the state of the auto industry, Chrysler Chairman Lynn Townsend says: "It's the worst it's been since the 1930s." Sales of American-made cars, which had been wobbling erratically through most of 1974, began a frightening plunge with the introduction of the new models last September and continued falling. In all, Detroit posted sales of only 7.5 million cars last year, way down from the 9.7 million sold in 1973. Sales of imported cars also slid to 1.4 million, v. 1.8 million the year before.

There are signs that the rapid decline has touched bottom and that sales are gradually turning up, but nobody expects a return to robust buying levels soon. The more optimistic forecasters are predicting sales (including imports) of 8 million or 8.5 million cars this year—if the Federal Reserve Board sharply pumps up the money supply, which does not now seem likely. But some economists believe that sales may not rise much above 6.5 million—and for U.S.-made autos not much higher than 5.6 million. If that is the case, it will be the first time since World War II that the U.S. auto industry has suffered two consecutive years of decline.

The huge backlog of unsold cars—a three months' supply at the slow sales rates of early January—has forced drastic cuts in production. Though dealers are pulling more customers into their showrooms, the manufacturers are still shutting down assembly lines and turning thousands of workers out onto the streets. General Motors has already put about 93,000 employees—15% of its U.S.

force—on indefinite furloughs; last week it announced temporary layoffs for 15,500 more workers. In all, 18 auto and truck assembly plants are idle, and 300,000 workers—a fifth of the industry's payroll—are out of jobs.

The agony of the automakers has critical implications for the nation's well being. In one way or another, one out of every six workers depends on the industry for a living, including those employed by thousands of firms that supply myriad auto parts, from wheels to gear-shift knobs. In addition, the fortunes of steel, glass, rubber, aluminum, copper and plastics producers are tied to the health of the industry.

Floor Traffic. Thus the sudden skid in car sales hit the already shaky economy with the impact of a runaway truck, toppling it into a much deeper recession than almost anyone had anticipated. Government economists estimate that the car slump accounted for fully half of the 9.1% decline in gross national product in the fourth quarter of 1974 and was the major factor in lifting the nation's jobless rate to more than 7%. Moreover, chances for even a moderate business recovery in the year ahead depend to an enormous degree on a resurgence of car sales.

Against this grim background, the auto industry is fighting back. So far, the results of the rebates have been encouraging. Before they went into effect in mid-January, auto sales were 15% below the miserable levels of a year ago, when the energy crisis clobbered car sales. The rebates were largely responsible for the boost in sales from a dismal 93,235 cars in the first ten days of January to 133,000 cars during the second ten days of the month. Dealers claim that volume has climbed substantially since then. Tom Shanley, an American Motors executive responsible for sales in six Southern states, says that his dealers "have had the greatest increase in floor traffic since the end of the oil embargo last year—up 500%."

The sales upswing has pulled thou-

sands of cars out of the vast Michigan State Fair grounds outside Detroit, which until recently was covered bumper to bumper by part of Chrysler's stock of unsold cars. Chrysler's backlog has dropped from 350,000 to 300,000. Some models have been in especially heavy demand. Orders for Ford's sporty German-built Capri, which lists at a basic \$3,566 and carries a \$500 factory rebate, have been so great that dealers are scouting around the U.S. to find cars and are warning buyers that they may have to wait weeks for delivery.

The risk Detroit is taking is that the public's car-buying fever will cool rapidly after March 1, when all the rebates will have ended. Moreover, says David Eisenberg, auto analyst at the Wall Street brokerage house of Sanford C. Bernstein & Co.: "If the programs are tremendously successful, it could well mean that Detroit is borrowing sales from future months." Eisenberg believes that if post-rebate results are disappointing, the automakers will probably have to cut prices permanently, even if that means they will have to swallow losses.

How did Detroit lose its grip on the buying public? Last winter's Arab oil embargo "hit us right between the eyes," says GM Chairman Thomas A. Murphy. Consumers are still confused about what the energy crisis might do to gasoline prices and availability in the long term. At the same time, inflation has wiped out more than 5% of the public's purchasing power over the past year, while rising unemployment has also cut deeply into sales. The jobless rate stood at 7.1% in December, and it may turn out to be close to 8% for January, when the latest figures are released this week. Many automen complain that the Ford Administration stuck to an anti-inflation policy too long; they are pleased that the Administration has tilted policy more toward expansion, but won-



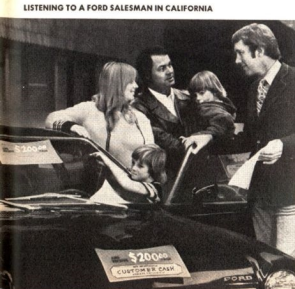
"My friend, what you decide here today may cause the success or collapse of the entire U.S. economic system!"

der whether it has gone far enough.

But Detroit's basic trouble runs deeper and has been building longer than either the energy or the economic crisis; it is simply that the auto companies, rightly vaunted for their marketing skills, have failed in recent years to grasp and react swiftly enough to the changes taking place in their market.

New Controls. The difficulties the automakers are having with Government safety and pollution regulations are a prime consequence of that flaw. For years the auto companies did not take seriously enough the rising clamor for greater car safety and less polluting engines. As a result, Government moved in and imposed stiffer standards than might have been necessary if the companies had acted voluntarily.

Detroit has been fighting a losing battle for a decade against the safety and pollution regulations. According to estimates by GM, Ford and Chrysler, the cost of meeting these standards has already added between \$499 and \$600 to the price of a car. (The Bureau of La-



OHIO CAR DEALER JOHN HATFIELD WITH SUNDRY TRADE-IN ITEMS



LISTENING TO A FORD SALESMAN IN CALIFORNIA

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

bor Statistics, however, puts the cost at \$415.) Company representatives are pressing Congress for a five-year delay in the stiff Government pollution-control standards now scheduled to take effect in 1977. The automakers contend that, instead of being forced to spend money on devices that reduce emissions, they should be allowed to develop engines that will be clean enough to meet federal standards without extra equipment. But they insist that this will take time and money and cannot be done unless the Government puts a freeze on further requirements of its own. In exchange for a delay, all four automakers have pledged to President Ford that they will do their utmost to increase average gas mileage 40% by 1980.

In their push for a moratorium on new controls, the companies have the support of one old adversary: the United Auto Workers. U.A.W. President Leonard Woodcock also argues that a moratorium would give the industry a chance to restore its profits—and get union members back to work.

Bumper Battle. The industry's credibility has not always been high when it comes to complaints about environmental controls. For example, Detroit long opposed use of the emission-reducing catalytic converter, a device fixed to the exhaust pipe underneath the car. These converters are installed in the 1975 models, and GM, for one, praises their virtues. With the converter, engines can be tuned up to give top fuel efficiency instead of being wastefully geared down to reduce emissions, as they had been for several years. The result, according to tests made by the Environmental Protection Agency: the new cars get 13.5% more m.p.g. on the average than the 1974 models. Carmakers agree that the controls now in effect have resulted in significantly cleaner engine exhausts. But they question whether any further federally mandated improvements are necessary for this decade. The cost of installing the first converters this year, they note, added between \$110 and \$130 to the sticker price.

Henry Ford II estimates that if the tough 1977 rules are not postponed, they will add \$750 to the cost of a car and further depress sales. (The EPA estimates the added cost at \$250 to \$350.) In addition, GM's Murphy contends, "If you set emission standards higher, there's got to be a sacrifice of fuel economy."

The EPA disagrees. Astonishingly, a study it released last week argues that there "is no inherent relationship between exhaust-emissions standards and fuel economy." The best guess now is that Congress will push back the 1977 regulations by a year or two on economic grounds but is extremely unlikely to grant the automakers the five-year reprieve that they want.

The industry also believes that it is necessary to ease some of the safety standards if prices are to be held in check and styling and efficiency improved. A



UNSOLD CHRYSLER CORP. CARS AT MICHIGAN STATE FAIR GROUNDS IN NOVEMBER

main target is the regulation that took effect this year requiring front bumpers that can withstand a 5-m.p.h. impact. Says Murphy: "The extra weight and reduced fuel efficiency caused by those bumpers is costing customers a helluva lot more than it's benefiting them."

The Department of Transportation now agrees that the bumpers, which weigh 100 lbs. or more, are not worth the cost. The DOT is proposing a rollback to the 1972 requirement—ability to withstand a 2.5-m.p.h. impact. Insurance companies, some Congressmen and several public interest groups, which contend that the stronger bumpers will hold down damage costs, oppose such a move. But they also maintain that the weighty, expensive bumpers U.S. carmakers are using are unnecessary. The bumper on the West German Opel, for instance, is as strong as the steel one on the new Ford Pinto, yet it weighs only a third as much. The outcome of the bumper battle is still in doubt.

Power Seats. Misjudging the power of the auto-safety and environmental advocates in Washington was not the industry's only fumble. It was also remiss in not recognizing and responding fast enough to the public's growing preference for small cars. Between 1965 and 1973, sales of small imported cars jumped 200%, to 1.7 million. This evidence of the change in tastes was later reinforced by the popularity of such subcompacts as the Ford Pinto, the Chevrolet Vega, the American Motors Gremlin and the Dodge Colt. American Motors Chairman Roy Chapin read the signs astutely and steered his faltering company almost exclusively into small cars—a providential move that greatly helped it.

For the most part, however, Detroit doggedly continued its emphasis on size and power; over the past 20 years the standard Chevrolet has grown more than 2 ft. in length, gained more than 1,000 lbs., and almost doubled its horsepower. One obvious reason for the companies' reluctance to change: except for the expense of materials, producing a high-priced standard-size car costs about the same as making a less profitable small one.

Events soon forced a change in the industry's position. The popularity of

small cars hit a peak in January 1974, accounting for about 52% of sales amid the oil embargo and widespread jitters about the price and availability of gasoline. Detroit finally got the message and rushed to switch to the production of more moderate-size vehicles—but not fast enough to satisfy immediate demand. By summer, when production was up, the urgency was out of the energy crisis.

At that point, Detroit made a miscalculation. The auto executives found

Henry Ford's Idea:

Having been head of the firm that bears his name for 30 years, Henry Ford II is the senior man in the U.S. auto industry. He also has few rivals for outspoken candor. Other auto chiefs fairly shuddered last November when Ford warned that the industry was headed into "a depression" and called for a big tax on gasoline to finance aid to the jobless. In an interview with TIME's Detroit bureau chief Edwin Reingold last week, Ford confessed amazement at the depth of uncertainty that he finds about the economic future, even in Detroit. "I've never seen a time like this, when nobody even has an opinion," he said. That does not apply to Ford himself, however. Among his points:

ON LONG-RANGE PLANNING. The U.S. has problems, and one of them is that it is always swinging one way or the other like a pendulum. We never plan anything. Take air- and water-pollution control, for instance. Suddenly there is a great big flap, and everybody gets excited, and all of a sudden some law is passed; it's got to be done within a very short time frame and it costs you a fortune to do it. You can't clean up the country in four years.

I think there's got to be more central planning. Not the kind of central planning the Russians have, where they order the whole damned economy from a central plan. I'm talking about a federal planning organization that collects and disseminates information.



VIEW OF FAIR GROUNDS LAST WEEK SHOWS HOW CASH REBATES HELP SALES

themselves struggling with soaring material costs for everything from steel to plastics just at a time when sales of big, high-profit cars were lagging. They decided to step up production of small cars and ride on their popularity. But partly to keep the industry's rate of return up, they moved to boost the profit margin on the compacts and subcompacts. Small cars were wrapped in expensive, highly profitable equipment that once was optional—special trim packages, power seats and windows—substantially

raising the base price. The auto chiefs reckoned, wrongly as it turned out, that consumers were more interested in fuel economy than sticker prices.

With the 1975 price boost, average list prices now stand about \$1,000 above what they were 16 months ago. But small-car prices jumped about 25%, while those of full-size models went up only an average of 15% during that period. For example, the cost of Ford's latest subcompact Pinto has climbed 27%, to \$2,919; Plymouth's Duster is up 29%,

to \$3,243. By contrast, full-size Dodge Monacos have increased 18%, to \$4,605, and Ford's LTD is up 11%, to \$4,615.

Many customers took one look at the new prices and walked out of the showrooms—or, worse, did not even bother to visit them. Small-car sales fell to 46% of the market in October and continued down slightly thereafter; in December they held 45.3% of the market. Ironically, the price spread between the basic full-size cars and the gussied-up small ones narrowed enough to stimulate some sales of bigger models. So the automakers, who had a glut of big cars during the energy crisis, have now wound up with an oversupply of small cars too.

Shrinking Desire. Consumer Pollster Albert Sinding, who for years has accurately predicted trends in the auto industry, sent out early warning signals to the companies to pare prices on new small cars—to no avail. Says Sinding: "They totally misjudged the market. They overproduced and overpriced."

Even after the economy recovers, efforts by Government to restrain gasoline use are bound to hurt the carmakers. There is a strong possibility that

"More Planning"

I'd bring in the Council of Economic Advisers and others, and I'd give this group Cabinet status so that it is not just stuck away in some back room. It's got to be visible. People may think badly of the idea, simply because anything that smells of planning and Government stinks. To me, it makes sense.

Some would worry that over the years, this kind of group would tend to be giving orders, deciding who gets what or when. That's not what I'm talking about. A timetable, cost effectiveness—those kind of things—a look at population growth; usages of raw materials, their availability, where they come from; what the price situation is going to be over a long period of time; other things that any one organization can do for itself only in a very limited way. Take a certain number of people and a certain gross national product, and how much steel do you need in a year? What kind of growth do you expect? We're going to need all kinds of plans.

ON FIGHTING THE RECESSION. We need a tax cut this year of 10% for individuals making \$25,000 or less.* This may not be the answer in total, but I think it's going to help.

Also, business is in trouble because it has not been able to finance itself to provide productive jobs, and so I would hope for big increases in the investment

*President Ford's proposed graduated tax cut would be greater in varying degrees for almost everyone in the \$25,000-or-under bracket.

tax credit [now 7% for industrial companies and 4% for utilities]. If it's for one year, I would like to see it at least 12% or 14% or something dramatic because I think it's very necessary. But if it's a continuing thing, I think 10% for industry generally and also for the utilities would be good.

ON POLLUTION CONTROL. It's just disaster. In our own plants, the estimated bill for air- and water-pollution control equipment is \$64 million this year. It's \$107 million in 1976 and \$164 million in 1977. In a sense that's all nonproductive money. We don't produce a job by doing that. And despite the cost of money and the unemployment these days, here we are required by the Government to spend this ridiculous amount of funds. I think we have to look at both the cost effectiveness and whether the customer is willing to pay. What it boils down to is whether a guy living in Des Moines is supposed to pay to clean up the smog in Los Angeles?

ON ENERGY. We're still living in a fool's paradise in this country. We have always thought that we could have an endless supply of cheap energy and we can't. We've got a major energy problem, but the American people don't believe it. We waste so much. We waste everything in this country.

ON CONSERVATION. I wonder, theoretically, if it's right that the auto industry should chew up as much raw materials as it chews up. I don't think we've done as much as we should with scrap. A lot

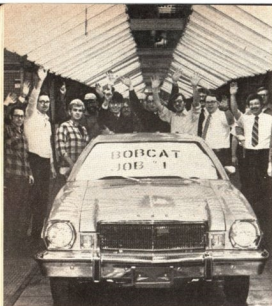
more should be done with recycling materials.

ON LEGISLATION COVERING CARS. I don't know what kind of law we're going to get out of Congress, but we're sure as hell going to get some kind of law. I don't know if it's going to be gas-consumption regulation or taxes on the size of cars. Whatever the laws are will probably move us to smaller, lighter cars.

ON THE FUTURE OF THE CAR. We are just not attuned to getting anywhere any other way than by automobile. Some people ride buses. Now trains are coming back—but it's a fad. This country developed in a particular way because of the automobile, and you can't just push a button and change it.

FORD CHAIRMAN HENRY FORD II



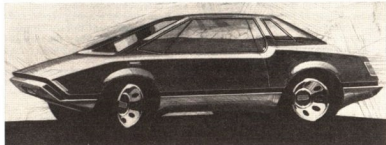


WORKERS CHEER FIRST MERCURY BOBCAT

ECONOMY & BUSINESS



JAPANESE HONDA CIVIC SUBCOMPACT THAT DELIVERS 39 MILES PER GALLON



FORD CONCEPT OF FUTURE DESIGN FOR URBAN USE

Detroit will not soon again match the average annual 3.8% increase in new-car sales that it posted over the past decade. Says Chrysler's Lynn Townsend: "I think to some extent we will see a shrinking of desire for some of the things we always wanted—those two cars per family, two color-television sets and lots of other things. We certainly as a people cannot continue piling luxury upon luxury. There has to be an end."

Myriad Models. The hopeful note is that the automakers seemed to have learned their lesson. The rebate programs, for example, are at least a temporary effort to soften the public's indignation about the high price of the 1975 small models. Moreover, the industry leaders now agree that there will have to be more small cars in their future. Predicts Ford's President Lee Iacocca: "By the end of the 1970s, we think that small cars will be selling over large cars 60 to 40. We're planning it that way, and we think we're right."

All the automakers are working on plans to shrink the size and weight of their models, while keeping the interiors as roomy as ever. Engines will be smaller, less powerful and more lean on fuel. The most gas-sipping cars on the U.S. market are imports: the Japanese Honda Civic and the Datsun B-210, which get 39 m.p.g. More light-weight metals will be used. Tires will be small-

er, and front ends may be built of plastic. The myriad models that now confuse all but the most ardent car buff will be drastically trimmed—at a substantial savings in production costs. Major model changes will probably be made only once every six years, instead of every three years.

GM announced last week that it will spend \$3 billion over the next four years to develop and produce smaller versions of its Buick, Pontiac and Chevrolet models. In April it will roll out a new Cadillac tailored for the age of rising gasoline costs: it will be 1,000 lbs. lighter, 2 ft. shorter and almost 1 ft. narrower than today's four-door, 5,100-lb. Calais DeVille. In addition, GM is planning to reduce its five distinct body styles to two or three. The company's eight engine varieties may be cut to four (one four-cylinder, two sixes and a basic V-8).

Next month Ford's Mercury division will introduce the Bobcat, a fancied-up, \$3,000-plus version of the Pinto, as its entry in the small-car field. Ford has also come out with two trimmed-down models aimed at the standard-car buyer: the Mercedes-size Granada and Monarch, which are 26 in. shorter, 8 in. narrower and more than half a ton lighter than the standard-size sedan, but longer on mileage (between 18 and 26 m.p.g. on the highways).

Chrysler produces two compacts, the

Plymouth Duster and Dodge Dart. Says Townsend: "We have been reducing the number of models we make and increasing the commonality of parts." Chrysler once used up to 60 different window regulators in its cars; now the number is down to five. According to Chrysler President John Riccardo, "The new program means longer production runs for each model and fewer parts to stock in plants and dealerships."

Market System. American Motors, which now holds 5.3% of the U.S. auto market—the most it has ever had—is out with what it regards as its most potentially successful model: the Pacer. Glassy, small and wide, with plenty of room for passengers, the Pacer, says A.M.C.'s Gerald Meyers, "is our strongest product expression yet of giving the public what it wants." Because of the unavailability of the light-weight Wankel engine that had been planned for the car, the Pacer is still 3,000 lbs. But, says Meyers, "we're going to get there—a 2,000-lb. car with an engine big enough to carry an air conditioner."

A.M.C. Chairman Chapin expects that along with compactness, "people will want cars that last longer and are more trouble free. That will require significant design innovation." Such changes will require massive investments. Yet the need for such expenditures could not have come at a worse time for the industry. With sales down, earnings have also dived. For example, compared with the record earnings of the first nine months of 1973, GM's profits in the first three quarters of last year were down 76%, and Ford's 60%.

At least one comforting lesson can be drawn from the mess in auto sales: the much maligned market system still works. Prices went up and buyers rebelled. Now that the rebates are bringing prices down—at least temporarily—buyers are beginning to find their way back to the auto showrooms.

What about the rest of this year?

GM's Chairman Murphy scoffs at the most pessimistic forecasts. "No way are we going down to 6 million cars," he says. Some 8 million of the nation's 100 million cars are scrapped every year, and thus the automakers estimate that the "normal" level of new car sales should be 8 million to 8.5 million. Says Murphy: "That to me is the floor." But he also concedes that motorists can upset the forecasts if they keep old cars on the road, as they did during World War II and appear to be doing today.

Ford's Iacocca grants that 1975 may

be "a difficult transition year," but he reckons that '76 and '77 will be "pretty good." Says he: "We do have the underpinning. People still want to be mobile and they need four wheels. Cars are going to continue to wear out, and that means a big year sometime soon."

No Alternative. The simple fact is that the nation is structured around the auto. It makes the suburbs possible, nourishes the motel and resort industries and links the country. More than four out of five Americans drive cars to work, usually because they have no alternative.

Even if the U.S. began spending many more billions for mass transit, it would take a long, long time for the nation to build an adequate system of buses and commuter trains.

In sum, the U.S. society and economy will continue to depend on the car. But the car, of course, will be different. Now that the manufacturers are listening to what the market is saying, they have reason to believe that their smaller, more efficient autos will lead them to that big sales year—sometime, somewhere just over the horizon.

Detroit: The Motor City Shifts Down

Long lines of jobless Detroiters were trailing out of the red brick office of the Michigan Employment Security Commission on Conner Avenue when Labor Secretary Peter Brennan stopped by for a recent visit. To his consternation, he was greeted with a storm of catcalls. "You promised us jobs," one man shouted. "You shouldn't come around here and smile at us. We're mad!" Added a furloughed Chrysler employee: "They ought to lay his ass off!"

One of the few outfits in the Detroit area that are hiring these days is the state Employment Security Commission, which has opened 22 temporary offices and taken on 1,000 paper shufflers to help handle the mounting claims for jobless benefits. In Detroit itself, close to 100,000 auto assemblers, cashiers, construction workers, technicians and middle-level managers—18% of the city's labor force—are unemployed. In the suburbs, thousands of others are without jobs. As Coleman Young, the black mayor of the nation's fifth largest city, put it, oh so mildly, in a recent speech, Detroit has "fallen on hard times."

The city's already horrific crime rate climbed 16% last year. Each month some 300 federally furnished mortgages are defaulted, and more and more homes fall into disrepair. Revenues from property and payroll taxes have sagged, and the municipal budget deficit could reach \$40 million this year; 1,500 city workers have been let go so far, and more pink slips may be on the way.

For many of the unemployed, the auto industry's disaster is not yet quite real. The moment of personal financial reckoning is held off by the Supplemental Unemployment Benefit checks that ensure that laid-off auto workers continue to receive nearly 95% of their usual take-home pay. But SUB funds are rapidly being depleted; at current rates of payout, they could run out as early as May for some workers. The checks are what keep the juke joints along Wyoming and Livernois avenues full and make it possible for many unemployed workers to go hunting or take fam-

ily trips as if on a paid vacation.

The industry's disaster, however, has come as a deep shock to the city. A shroud of resignation seems draped over Detroit's huge black community, activist leaders—who have been less active in recent years than they used to be—are encountering more apathy than anger on the streets, even though unemployment among blacks may be as high as 25%.

The area's white-collar residents are being laid off at levels not seen since the 1930s; 20,000 have been sidelined at Chrysler alone. Charles Beaudet, 52, a \$22,000-a-year sculptural designer for Chrysler, was furloughed just before Christmas. He supports his wife and five children on his SUB checks, but he has cut out the monthly case of wine, the symphony concerts and other civilized frills. Beaudet worries that his self-respect is going too. "It hurts," he says, describing the experience of standing in an unemployment line. "It's demoralizing." Bankruptcy declarations rose 41% last year, to 4,040, and new claims are being filed at the rate of 85 a week.

Even so, Detroit retains some measure of optimism. Defying economic gravity, civic groups, led by Henry Ford II, are working hard to raise \$100 million to continue construction of the Renaissance Center, a \$600 million complex of hotels and office towers on the

Detroit River. Despite the scary unemployment figures, a poll published by the *Detroit Free Press* last week suggested that four out of five still-working Detroiters believe that they will not be laid off this year. More than half of those questioned expected their families to be no worse off financially in a year.

Actually, Detroit has been living with unemployment rates averaging 9% since the late 1960s, when the car-makers stepped up automation of their facilities and other local businesses moved out of town. When the recession hit, Detroit was already in the midst of what local Economist Ernest Zachary calls a "revolutionary restructuring." The result will be less dependence on manufacturing and more on the kind of service jobs created by a big new Michigan Blue Cross computer records center, expanded hospital facilities and Renaissance Center.

This promises a radical change in Detroit's role in the nation's social as well as economic life. Ever since Henry Ford I began offering an astonishing \$5 for an eight-hour day back in 1914, the lure of high pay for hard work has attracted waves of the hopeful to the city: Poles, Italians and Canadians; legions of blacks and whites from rural America. The auto industry's sales collapse will diminish Detroit's historic place as a step on the way up the economic scale for blue-collar Americans.

JOBLESS QUEUE UP AT MOUNT CLEMENS UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE, DETROIT'S BUSIEST



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MICHAEL C. WITTE FOR TIME

THE LAW

income to their church, and meet the IRS's paperwork requirements. In return, the church can grant them a modest, tax-free living allowance (IRS might pass \$8,000) and provide a "parsonage," including upkeep costs (in all, perhaps another \$4,000).

Tax Haven. IRS would unquestionably look the arrangement over carefully and might well take sudden ministers to court, with all the legal fees that implies. But the technical tax haven exists because of the difficulty of distinguishing between one man's honest religion and another's faith in the rewards of tax dodging. If the IRS was hoping that no one would notice the loophole, it was bound to be disappointed. Last week in a *National Enquirer* (circ. 3,805,112) article Hensley claimed that he has ordained 3.5 million people since 1962. "If Congress takes these tax breaks away from everyone—all the churches—that's fine with me," says the illiterate minister and building contractor. "Until then, I think everyone should be allowed to share the wealth."

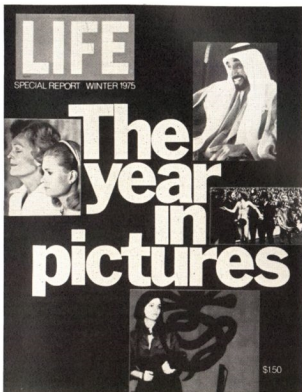
Credit Rater Discredited

After James Millstone learned that his automobile insurance was about to be canceled, he traced his trouble to his credit rating; he had apparently been given a black mark by O'Hanlon Reports Inc. of New York. Under the federal Fair Credit Reporting Act, he was entitled to have access to "the nature and substance of all the credit information." But Millstone was told by O'Hanlon's St. Louis office that his file was on its way to New York. Eventually, he was read a partial summary, which tagged him as "very much disliked by neighbors ... a hippie type ... participated in peace demonstrations ... strongly suspected of being a drug user."

Enraged, Millstone, an assistant managing editor of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, went to court. There, evidence made it clear that the file-in-New York story—plus a rule that the consumer himself could not read the summary or even touch it—were standard O'Hanlon techniques for dealing with inquiries. In addition, O'Hanlon's investigator, who earned \$1.85 for his efforts, actually interviewed only one neighbor and failed to verify what he was told.

"A flagrant violation" of the credit act's provisions designed to ensure accuracy and disclosure, said U.S. Judge H. Kenneth Wangelin. In what the current *Privacy Report* of the American Civil Liberties Union calls a "precedent-setting decision," Wangelin ordered O'Hanlon to pay Millstone \$2,500 for actual damages, \$12,500 for attorneys' fees and \$25,000 in punitive damages. O'Hanlon thought that too harsh and is appealing.

1974. The year you'd never have believed 12 months ago.



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Joans of Arc

BLOOD RED, SISTER ROSE

by THOMAS KENEALLY
384 pages, Viking, \$8.95.

The original legend of Joan of Arc was all ethereal voices and uprolled eyes. George Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan* suffered from an opposite flaw: a 15th century French farm girl with 19th century English socialist leanings, she seemed all pragmatism and muddy boots.

Between this Joan-too-spiritual and that Joan-too-earthly, a third Joan has been waiting to be born. In his eighth novel, Australian Thomas Keneally, who once studied for the priesthood, slowly and thoughtfully reconstructs a whole Joan, less spectacular than the first two but decidedly more convincing and perhaps, at last, more moving.

Whores and Lice. At her simplest level, the Keneally Joan can be very simple indeed—obstinate but rather dull with the protuberant brown eyes of a cow: "Looking at her, you nearly went to sleep." She is an object of manipulation. The knights wave her like a banner to win battles. The "fat clergy" cash in those victories as new ecclesiastical revenue. The Dauphin, of course, uses her to gain his crown. Keneally graphically savors the irony of this visionary innocent ("our little he-nun") ending up in the midst of disemboweled and headless corpses, moving from battlefield to bloody battlefield in the company of assassins, whores and lice.

But this clownish dupe, Keneally also knows, finally outmanipulated all

her manipulators. To Keneally she is the incarnation of an idea whose time had come—the peasant striding into the council of kings and lords of the church. As rude as common fare, she serves notice on the feudal system that knighthood is no longer in flower. As she lifts the siege at Orléans and pushes her balking Dauphin with the "fat, unhappy lips" toward his coronation at Rheims, she is hurrying onstage not a monarchy but the modern nation-state. The descendants of this Joan are the bourgeoisie.

But the Joan that ultimately fascinates Keneally is Saint Joan. To him, her voices are as real as she is. Why not? Keneally's world of 1420 is full of voices—from all sorts of prophets, astrologers, witches. Every oak grove is "enchanted timber." *The Golden Bough* seems to coexist with the Gospels on these pages, finding common ground in the ritual of sacrifice. From the first, Keneally's virgin, who never even menstruated, is predestined to shed blood as scapegoat for her unworthy King. "All she wanted to do," he sums up, "was achieve her own victimhood."

Were the voices then holy or demonic? It depends on who is listening. Keneally seems to say. But if he has no new answer, he has a new question. His Joan—part battle flag, part rebel and part saint—adds up to a heroic surrogate for the absurd and contradictory in Everyman, "the feel of the frayed edges of all the world's foolishness coalescing in her guts." Is her mystery, he asks, harder to explain than the mystery of any reader's life?

■ Melvin Maddocks



SUSPENSE WRITER ROBERT PARKER

Boston Op

GOD SAVE THE CHILD

by ROBERT B. PARKER
185 pages, Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95.

It seems that this thriller writer is not trying to put anything over on anybody. Two years ago, he announced on the jacket of his first book, *The Godwulf Manuscript*, that he had written his doctoral dissertation on Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler. Both of Robert Parker's novels, about a private eye known simply as Spenser, are filled with echoes of the masters. But Parker is really not a pirate. Instead, he resembles film makers like Jean-Luc Godard, who pay homage to great directors of the past with little vignettes so blatantly similar in style that no aficionado could miss or fail to savor them.

Pure Chandler. Take, for example, Spenser's reply to a smug and windy college president who wants to emphasize the "delicacy" of his predicament: "Look, I went to college once, I don't wear my hat indoors. And if a clue comes along and bites me on the ankle I grab it. I am not however an Oxford don. I am a private detective. Is there something you'd like me to detect or are you just polishing up your elocution for next year's commencement?" Pure Chandler. So is the president's riposte: "The district attorney told us you were somewhat overfond of your own wit."

There are other bouquets. At one point Spenser even calls himself Nick Charles to relieve the tedium of an inquiry. His Boston office, a block or so away from the infamous bar in George Higgins' *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*, could be Philip Marlowe's in Los Angeles: "Second floor front, one room with a desk file cabinet and two chairs in case Mrs. Onassis came in with her husband, mail slot and pile of mail." L.A. has long been the culture capital of suspense fiction. Boston may now be moving up. In



L.P. RACQUET



JERRY BAUER

THOMAS KENEALLY

STATUE OF JOAN AT RHEIMS

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BOOKS

Parker's *God Save the Child*, kidnappers instruct that the ransom be put in a green book bag—a touch as evocative of Boston as the swan boats in the Public Garden.

Parker, however, lacks George Higgins' obsession with the city and uses his local details more sparingly. He works a more middle-class milieu; the reader gets to know suburbs like Lynnfield and Marblehead too. He is also careful to keep his echoes just that. Spenser is not Marlowe or the Continental Op. He is a naturally optimistic and even-tempered fellow. In so far as he can afford it, he loves the good life. A bachelor at 37, he has a fine, selective eye for women. He is also an excellent cook, and Parker does not hesitate to halt the narrative to describe in detail Spenser's culinary procedures. If the series goes on long enough, Houghton Mifflin will doubtless publish *Spenser's Clues to Cooking*.

Split-Level Goals. On the evidence of *The Godwulf Manuscript* and *God Save the Child*, this could well be a long-running series. Parker's writing is clear, his plots believable and uncluttered. In Spenser he has a malleable and therefore durable hero. But despite his dust-jacket confession, Parker is holding something back; he would be no mystery writer if he did not. His real debt is not to Chandler or Hammett but to Ross Macdonald. Both Parker's plots deal with lost, unhappy young people estranged from their parents' split-level goals, but with no values of their own to turn to. Their searchings invariably bring them into the underworld of drugs and extortion that is right below their classroom windows. This, of course, has become Macdonald's sole theme.

Yet Parker is a cooler, less driven writer. Although his new book is flawed by a repetitious section devoted to a truly odious middle-aged couple, it shows a better plot and a looser, more interesting Spenser. With his knowledge of the drug trade, Parker must surely know that he is a pusher too—to mystery addicts—and take his long-term responsibilities seriously. ■ Martha Duffy

A Crush on Death

MISHIMA

A BIOGRAPHY

by JOHN NATHAN

300 pages. Little, Brown, \$8.95.

At 45, Yukio Mishima had written 40 novels, 18 plays, 20 volumes of short stories and as many books of essays. He was Japan's literary exotic, sometimes mentioned for the Nobel Prize—a slick self-promoter and deliberately flashy vulgarian who redeemed his excesses with a gift that sometimes approached genius. In November 1970 he committed his famous ritual suicide (*seppuku*) after attempting to incite the Japanese army to a ridiculous uprising in behalf of the country's imperialistic traditions.

That spectacular exit dictated forever the critical terms on which Mishima and his works would be discussed. Perhaps he intended it that way. No writer who devoted as much creative energy to his life as to his novels could have found a valedictory image more arresting than a photograph, distributed round the world, of his own severed head.

Mishima's samurai patriotism doubtless had a certain crackpot authenticity. He and his small private army were allowed to train with Japan's self-defense force. At the end, he was fanatically Japanese, yet he also cared deeply about foreign opinion. He has been lucky in his posthumous biographers in the West. The first, Eng-



MISHIMA ON PRIVATE MANEUVERS
Phosphorescence of decay.

lish Journalist Henry Scott-Stokes, last year published a sensitive and sympathetic analysis (*The Life and Death of Yukio Mishima*) that appreciated Mishima's accomplishments while explaining them in terms of his lurid narcissism.

Unlike Scott-Stokes, John Nathan wrote his biography with the cooperation of Mishima's family. An associate professor of Japanese literature at Princeton, Nathan acted for a time as Mishima's translator; among other things, he impressed Mishima the muscle builder by being able to beat him at arm wrestling. Nathan's access to Mishima's family and friends yields fascinating gossip: details of the damp sickroom in which Mishima's dictatorial grandmother nursed him until he was twelve, of his puritanical father's efforts

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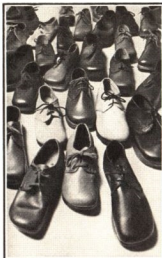
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Why everybody's pretending they're us.



The shoes that look like, seem like, but don't work like the Earth shoe.

Today, a lot of people are trying to imitate our shoe. Some even use names that sound like ours, and have ads that look like ours!

It seems like everybody's trying to be us. But what they don't understand is this. Merely lowering the heel of a shoe isn't enough. And imitating the outside of our shoe isn't enough. Just because a shoe looks like the Earth shoe doesn't mean it works like the Earth shoe.

It took many years to perfect the Earth brand shoe. And those years are crucial. They make our shoe different from all its imitators.

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It started years ago when Anne Kalsø had the original idea for the negative heel shoe.

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A natural shoe. A shoe with the heel lower than the toe. A shoe that would work in harmony with your entire body.

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of research and hard work to get every detail just right. To perfect the arch. To make the toes wide, comfortable and functional. To balance the shoe. To mold the sole in a special way so that it would allow you to walk in a natural rolling motion. Gently and easily even on the hard jarring cement of our cities.



To get an idea of how the Earth shoe works, stand barefoot with your toes up on a book.

Feel what begins to happen.

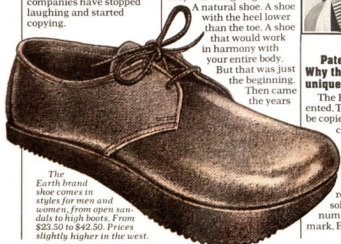
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rip-off

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BOOKS

to steer him away from writing and into the respectable civil service. When Mishima was only four, his father thought that he would instill manliness in him by holding him as close as possible to a train speeding by; the child's face remained as impassive as a No mask. Later his father would burn Mishima's youthful writing efforts whenever he caught him at them.

Bright Widow. Nathan records Mishima's entrance into Tokyo's homosexual world, which evidently began as a kind of professional voyeurism, the young author detachedly taking notes on the scene at a gay bar. Homosexuality sometimes figured in Mishima's work, notably in his autobiographical novel, *Confessions of a Mask*. But it remained only one compartment of his extremely varied private life. Despite the flamboyant outrages he enjoyed committing, Mishima had a surprising appetite for respectability. In 1958, partly because he thought it was expected of him, partly because he wanted to please his mother, who apparently was about to die, Mishima married. It must have been a complicated alliance; yet, strangely, it seems to have been a happy one. In some ways the most attractive character in Nathan's book is Mishima's bright, brisk widow, the mother of his two children.

Nathan subordinates Mishima's work to his life. That may be unwise; without the evidence of his literary achievement, especially his last work, the tetralogy that he called *The Sea of Fertility*, Mishima might seem a kind of psychotic Japanese version of Monty Rock III.

Nathan writes with a certain distaste for Mishima—which is natural enough since Mishima was, for all his exuberance and charm, a squirmingly unpleasant character; his brilliance had the phosphorescence of decay. All his life, he was explicitly and erotically in love with death. Suicide was the only act, he believed, that could make him comprehend his own existence. Just after Mishima disemboweled himself, his mother said: "This was the first time in his life that Kimitate [Mishima] did something he always wanted to do. Be happy for him."

■ Lance Morrow

Don't Plead

ONE JUST MAN

by JAMES MILLS

239 pages. Simon & Schuster, \$7.95.

The criminal justice system in large cities in the U.S. is enough to turn a reasonable man into a revolutionary. Or at least enough to make him write a popular novel about being driven to such extremes. James Mills is a most reasonable man who reported on courts, police and crime for LIFE and who wrote the novel *Report to the Commissioner*. He now has written another about a Manhattan legal-aid lawyer frustrated by 17

years of running defendants through the revolving door of justice. Al Dori does his job well but comes to wonder what good his job is doing. As the case loads grow, defendants increasingly must plead guilty if the system is not to stop up. To get them to plead, prosecutors must agree to lower sentences. This may mean no further incarceration because the agreed-on sentence equals the jail time that has already been served awaiting trial. Thus even an innocent defendant who cannot make bail is often better off trading away his reputation than insisting on his rights.

Faced with a system in which arrest can automatically mean guilt, Dori decides to take radical action. He tells his clients that no matter what deal is offered to them, "don't plead." The prisoners and other legal-aid lawyers catch on, and the idea spreads. The city's already overcrowded jails overflow with prisoners waiting for trial. Soon they riot. The police are ordered to limit arrests to serious offenders. The cops strike in protest; so do firemen and sanitation men. Robbery, murder and mayhem spread throughout the city. The same thing begins happening in other cities, and the nation is plunged into chaos.

Unfortunately, so is the book. Mills knows courts, prisons and the anguish of those caught in an irrational system of criminal justice. His special knowledge and generous empathy give a vivid authenticity to the first half of his novel. But he appears less informed about how cities and social forces work, and this lack makes Al Dori's campaign and the national disruptions that follow an implausible echo of currently popular disaster epics.

■ José M. Ferrer III

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—*The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*, Meyer (3 last week)
- 2—*Centennial*, Michener (1)
- 3—*Something Happened*, Heller (2)
- 4—*Lady, Tryon* (6)
- 5—*The Pirate*, Robbins (4)
- 6—*The Ebony Tower*, Fowles (5)
- 7—*Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*, le Carré (7)
- 8—*Hombre*, West (8)
- 9—*The Dogs of War*, Forsyth (9)
- 10—*Jaws*, Benchley

NONFICTION

- 1—*Strictly Speaking*, Newman (1)
- 2—*The Palace Guard*, Rather & Gates (2)
- 3—*The Bermuda Triangle*, Berlitz (2)
- 4—*All Things Bright and Beautiful*, Herriot (4)
- 5—*Tales of Power*, Castaneda (5)
- 6—*The Ultra Secret*, Winterbottom (8)
- 7—*Heiter, Skelter: The True Story of the Manson Murders*, Bugliosi with Gentry (6)
- 8—*A Bridge Too Far*, Ryan (7)
- 9—*Supership*, Mostert
- 10—*The Memory Book*, Lorayne & Lucas (9)

MILESTONES

Died. Bernard Marmaduke Fitzalan-Howard, 16th Duke of Norfolk, 66; in his sleep, on his estate in Sussex, England. As Earl Marshal of England, the duke choreographed royal weddings and funerals with such clockwork precision that he complained that Winston Churchill's state funeral was "two minutes late." Asked once by a newsman how he felt about work, the duke replied, "It has never appealed to me."

Died. Antonín Novotný, 70, former President and Communist Party boss of Czechoslovakia; of a heart attack; in Prague. Named secretary of the Central Committee in 1951, Novotný helped engineer show trials of high-ranking party leaders, which resulted in the execution of, among others, his old friend, Party Boss Rudolf Slánský. Succeeding to power in 1953, he ruled with an iron hand, slavishly aping Moscow policy. Ousted in the "Prague spring" of 1968, Novotný spent his last years cut off from control; his death was marked by a five-line communiqué from the Central Committee.

Died. Vivien Kellems, 78, businesswoman and tax rebel; of pneumonia; in Santa Monica, Calif. After severing a brief 1918 marriage—her first and last—Kellems set up a cable-grip factory with a brother in 1927 and built it into a profitable firm. Fiercely combative, she began a 26-year feud with the IRS in 1948 by refusing to collect withholding taxes from her employees, later campaigned against tax discrimination favoring married people over singles, claiming last year that the Government owed her \$48,000 illegally collected "just because I have no husband."

Died. Arthur Judson, 93, a founder of CBS and for decades the American classical music impresario; in Rye, N.Y. After becoming the manager of the Philadelphia Orchestra in 1915, Judson also took on the New York Philharmonic in 1921. In 1926 he bought an interest in a moribund radio station to provide an outlet for his musician clients, nursed it through near bankruptcy, and built it into the Columbia Broadcasting System. "King Arthur's" power in the music world receded gradually after 1936, but he remained active as an impresario well into his 80s.

Died. Ida Fuller, 100, first Social Security recipient (number: 000-00-0001); in Brattleboro, Vt. A classmate of Calvin Coolidge's, Miss Fuller was docked a total of \$22 in Federal Insurance Contributions Act taxes, got 421 monthly installments totaling \$20,940.85 from Uncle Sam since January 1940, when she received America's first Social Security check—for \$22.54.

"You can really get involved."

Sponsors report from around the country . . .

Castalia, Ohio—Sandy Prout, speaking for the St. John's United Church High School Class: "You can really get involved. It's a person-to-person relationship."

Her class is sponsoring a needy 13-year-old boy in Taiwan.

Seeley, Wisconsin—Emily Kochalka writes about her women's club sponsorship of a boy in the Philippines: "Our little lad warms all our hearts and makes us feel so proud that we are helping him. The warmth one gets from knowing you are helping a child is indescribable. Corresponding with the boy has brought home to us club members that we have so much—and children in other countries have so little by comparison."

"When the club sent Nestor \$5.00 for his birthday, we later got a reply stating that the \$5.00 meant 'the very best birthday I have ever had in my life.'"

Carlisle, Kentucky—Joseph H. Conley, project chairman for the Jaycees, expresses it this way in writing about a 12-year-old boy in Ecuador: "His improvement in health, grades, personality, activities during the period of this sponsorship has been remarkable. This is most satisfying to us."

Castlewood, Virginia—William A. White writes: "God has been good to me. I think a person should appreciate this and share it."

Barre, Massachusetts—Glenn Stratton, American Problems Instructor at Quabbin Regional High School, feels the sponsorship by his class serves the dual purpose of helping the child and instructing the students: "Students realize that what we take for granted is considered luxury by others, and tend to appreciate their own situation more fully."

Byron, New York—Mrs. Fern Griffen, of the Presbyterian Women's Association, says this: "Satisfaction in knowing we are helping this girl (in Guatemala) and perhaps others in her family by lifting their burden a little. She is very thankful and that makes us glad to help. The letters we get from Norma are so friendly and loving it makes us feel we have a daughter just over the way and we love her."



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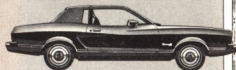
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FORD

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Show and Tell

The photographer says that he "underwent great emotional stress" while taking the pictures for the German book. U.S. parents may get even more wrought up when an American edition is published in May by St. Martin's Press. The book: *Show Me!*, a commentary on sex intended for youngsters and their parents, illustrated with startling photos of nude children touching one another and young adults engaging in various explicit sexual acts, including intercourse.

The idea for the book came from Helga Fleischhauer-Hardt, 38, a German psychologist and director of a school near Basel, Switzerland, that teaches parents how to deal with children. While preparing a paper on early sexual development, Fleischhauer-Hardt decided that the many books meant to instruct children about sex were inadequate.

Impressive Photos. Deciding to write one herself, she produced a simplified Freudian commentary on child rearing and sex education, which runs as an appendix to the book. She also chose an American photographer, Will McBride, whose pictures for a German sexual encyclopedia published in the U.S. in 1971 as *The Sex Book* (Herder & Herder), had interested her. McBride took hundreds of technically impressive photos, mostly of friends' children between the ages of five and 13. The couples in the intercourse pictures, who appear to be about 13, are actually aged 19 and 20, McBride reports.

Across the top of the full-page photos runs a commentary in coy kid speak.

Over a picture of a toddler touching his mother's nipple: "My mommy has the most fantastic breasts." Above a photo of a nude little boy: "I've got a penis and you don't."

Fleischhauer-Hardt believes that "early sexual games encourage confident sexual adjustment" and finds it astonishing that "many parents are reluctant to allow their children free access to their bedroom." If a child discovers them making love, she suggests that the parents should say affectionately: "We love each other very much right now." As for the book, she says that the idea is that parents should show their children only the parts of it they feel they are ready for. "In no way," she says in the introduction, "can looking at the pictures damage a child, even if he or she does not yet understand them."

St. Martin's Press reports that its salesmen are finding much less advance resistance to the book than expected, and Editor Paul De Angelis says, "We really don't expect a legal battle." If one comes, it may spur sales. In Germany the book sold only 6,000 copies in the first ten months, then quickly sold 6,000 more when a Saarland politician demanded that its sale be restricted.

Male and Female

An intriguing theory on the social dangers of sex therapy was expounded last week at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Dolores Keller, a professor of biology at Pace University and a sex therapist as well, put forth the theory that one of the prime factors in

male impotence may be a predisposition to incapacitating stress, transmittable from parent to child.

If this is so, says Keller, by curing impotent men with such a predisposition, sex therapists will paradoxically add to the amount of impotence in the world by enabling these men to father children with the same stress disposition. More and more sex therapists would then be needed to catch up with the number of impotent men produced by sex therapy. In any event, she insists, the socially undesirable possibilities of trying to improve potency have to be considered, because the spread of male impotence may be nature's way of limiting population in an overcrowded world.

Psyche, the demure White Rock girl, has gone topless since 1894, when she first appeared on the beverage label. Now, however, White Rock has decided that she looks too risqué, and her breasts may be covered. "It's surprising in these permissive days," a spokesman conceded. But, he added, "she will show a bit more thigh." Topless or not, Psyche has aged well. A pudgy 140 lbs. 70 years ago, she is now four inches taller and weighs a svelte 118.

Lloyd H. Baillio, who is serving a term in a federal prison in Texarkana, Texas, has filed suit against the U.S. Attorney General, charging that he should be allowed to conduct a normal sex life with a woman of his choice. Denying prisoners the right to sex, the suit charges, is "cruel and unusual punishment... comparable to the Chinese water torture." A federal district judge in New Orleans will decide.

COVER PHOTO FROM THE PICTORIAL SEX INSTRUCTION BOOK *SHOW ME!*



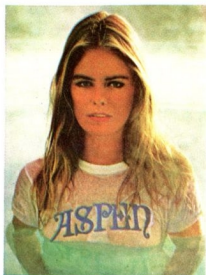
The reasons for the crime of rape have been endlessly debated, but only now, partly because of pressure from feminist groups, is systematic research under way. One psychotherapeutic program for convicted rapists, conducted at Rahway state prison in New Jersey, reports that 75% of the 150 offenders in treatment had been sexually abused as children, often so brutally that they repressed the memory.

Three convicted child molesters, joined by the American Civil Liberties Union, are suing the Connecticut Correctional Institution at Somers for its use of electric shock to change sexual behavior. As part of the prison's aversion therapy program, shock is administered to the groin during a slide show of nude children, and stopped when slides of nude women are shown. The program is voluntary, but the three inmates allege that prisoners are denied parole unless they participate.

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HOME: White Plains, New York

AGE: 25

PROFESSION: Concert Pianist

HOBBIES: Swimming, sailing, listening to contemporary music, attending opera.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Childhood's End," by Arthur Clarke

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Became the first American to win the Chopin International Piano Competition in Warsaw.

QUOTE: "I've tried to go slowly. Too many competition winners have burned themselves out in a couple of years. To develop more fully, I'm now exploring unfamiliar repertoire such as pre-Bach, Scriabin and some contemporary composers."

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